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NO. I.

EDUCATION FORMS CHARACTER.

Original.

THERE is no subject that surpasses in interest that of Education, properly understood as embracing the development and right directing of the improvable faculties of human nature. A no less comprehensive view of its mission can present it in its proper light, or cause us to estimate it in accordance with its high worth. Thus recognized, man will be looked upon as a physical, intellectual, moral, and religious being ; and the educator's work will be regarded as no less than the unfolding and right directing of all the attributes that make man such a being. This is essential to the individual's acquaintance with what is in him, with what he is, for what he is fitted, and what he may be ; and when education is thus recognized, we shall not be called upon to make separate appeals for the cultivation of the faculties in any one of the divisions of man ; but the harmony of those faculties will be understood, and attention to them all perceived to be essential to the well-being, the progress, and the beneficial influence of the individual.

If there are strict laws that govern our physical being, a knowledge of those laws is essential to obeying them, and obedience is intimately connected with health ; therefore, physical education is important and conducive to happiness. If we have intellect, kindred with the intelligence of God, the proper development of its powers must be in accordance with the design of our Creator, and happiness must follow obedience to the Divine requirement ; therefore, intellectual education is important and conducive to happiness. If we have a moral nature, and there are moral duties connected with it, a knowledge of that nature and of what is essential to its health, must be of the highest worth ; therefore moral education is important and conducive to happiness. If man is a religious being—if the highest

exercise of his superior feelings is in the worship of and meditation on the God of heaven and earth—if proper reverence of the Divine Being is dependent on correct ideas and conceptions of his character and government, then is religious education important and conducive to happiness. Thus we see education applied to man's whole nature, and its promise to make him a noble and a happy being.

But I need not tarry here. The intimate connection of education with the prosperity of the social system is acknowledged, and its effects are perceived upon the happiness of individuals, the character of communities, and the liberties of nations. If any one needs an example to quicken his acknowledgment of this union, let him turn to the history of the Ban de la Roche, the small district in France where the immortal Oberlin labored, who applied the lever that lifted the people from low in the degradation of stupidity, to a high rank among intellectual and useful beings ; and by infusing his own intelligence, industry, and zeal into their minds and hearts, he changed the whole face of that barbarous region. And while we 'do not contend that the several *races* of which the human family consists, are possessed of the same degree of *native* capacity, or the same aptitude for civilization and morality ; yet we do contend that by means of education, the intellectual, moral, and social condition of each race may be greatly elevated, and human virtue, power, and happiness, in a high degree promoted.'

Virtuous intelligence is the safeguard of freedom and freedom's blessings ; and while she leads on the people of any country, their influence must be mighty upon the world, and their name a name of the highest honor. Those ancient nations which have gained an honorable page in the history of human governments, were characterized by at least one trait in common—that of attention to the education of the youth.

Their systems of education may, yea, did differ widely from each other, but the great truth that education is all-important, was seen alike; and through this they adopted those means which they regarded as promising the most aid to the pupil in cultivating his powers to the unfolding of such a character as they would have him possess. Modes have been adopted to develop a merely physical character and form a generation of warriors, like the Spartans, cradled upon a shield, and the din of arms the music of their nursery; while other nations have sought to cultivate in the young a graceful exterior and polished address; and yet in other countries the whole desire seemed to centre in bringing out all the energies of the mind and body to manual labor—to palpable utility. Each nation strove for a particular object, and their systems of education were framed to that end. A certain kind of character was deemed best for the state, whether a physical, intellectual, or moral, or a combination of the three; the modes of training the young, and the improvements allowed in those modes, have been to develop that desired character. Thus, while a nation had in view to raise up a generation of warriors, the government would not encourage a system of education that promised to produce purely intellectual characters; for the development of the physical faculties, was the better course to be observed; as the savage mostly confines his education to his eyes, his ears, his hands, his feet, and his frame. A nation that wished to perpetuate slavery would not permit the subjects of chains or arbitrary power to be educated for freemen; but would seek to preserve, amid the degraded mass, that ignorance which blinds man to his proper dignity, his most sacred rights, and causes him to kiss the bonds that bind him to the dust.

'Athens and Rome may be quoted as having, each in its own particular direction, excelled in their systems of education. Each acquired the object of its peculiar system. The one still gives laws to the literary world, the other regulates the jurisprudence of civilized man. The first, while it did not discourage the warlike virtues, but taught how to defend the liberties the people enjoyed, was applied most peculiarly to the cultivation of the taste. The tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, were the amusement, not of a privileged class, but of the populace of Athens; and the meanest frequenter of the market was a skillful critic in the delicacies of their

polished dialect. In the other, the citizen was qualified to bear himself with honor in every possible species of public business; the road to public trust required the exercise of the various qualifications of soldier, accountant, judge, legislator, and general, and we rarely find an instance of the entire absence of the qualifications necessary for the apparently incongruous avocations. Some of the instances, indeed, at once strike with surprise, as in the case of Cicero, who, although qualified, as a general view of his character would seem at first sight to show, for any thing rather than a military man, nevertheless acquired the highest praise that soldiers could confer on their commander, being saluted by them *Imperator*. Such versatility in the application of talent, could be only obtained, as a general rule, by a proper education. The same mind, however powerful, is rarely fitted for greatness in more than one direction; but by an education various and comprehensive in its views, inculcating the necessity of exertion, and habituating to labor, it may be rendered efficient in whatever business it is engaged.' Rollin in the introduction to his *Ancient History*, has a chapter on 'the different tastes of the Greeks and Romans in regard to public shows,' which, in general, touches this part of our subject; we quote one passage where he says,—'The most common entertainment of the latter, at which the fair sex, by nature tender and compassionate, were present in throngs, was the combat of the gladiators, and men with bears and lions; in which the cries of the wounded and dying, and the abundant effusion of human blood, supplied a grateful spectacle for a whole people, who feasted their cruel eyes with the savage pleasure of seeing men murder one another in cool blood; and in the times of the persecutions, with the tearing in pieces old men and infants, of women and tender virgins, whose age and weakness are apt to excite compassion in the hardest hearts. In Greece these combats were absolutely unknown, and were only introduced into some cities after their subjection to the Roman people. The Athenians, however, whose distinguishing characteristics were benevolence and humanity, never admitted them into their city; and when it was proposed to introduce the combats of the gladiators, that they might not be outdone by the Corinthians in that point, *First throw down*, cried out an Athenian from the midst of the assembly, *throw down the altar, erected above a thousand*

years ago by our ancestors, to *Mercy*.' Perhaps the history of the Jewish nation affords as apt and forcible an illustration of the character forming power of education as we could ask. Whence the common proverb, 'Once a Jew, always a Jew'? The least familiarity with the character of the Jews, as a people, will answer this question. From the earliest dawn of intelligence the great work of education is to make the child emphatically a *Jew*. To this end, the peculiarities of the Jewish character are developed in the child, and deeper than man can erase are the impressions that cause him to acknowledge none other than Israel's God, and no prophet like unto Moses. And in our own day, the school institutions of our land are called 'nurseries of American freemen!' (See Knickerbocker, vol. x. pp. 369—376, 480—490, for interesting illustrations of this appellation.)

Not only nations, but social communities have adopted systems of education with a view to produce, in the educated, a certain character. Hence have arisen Theological Schools, under the patronage of the various sects that have gained any distinction. They are to be found in every state in the union; they are around us on every side; and like the Jews in the primitive days of christianity, Universalists have paid tribute to the power that would enslave them and their children.

So common and natural is the opinion that such schools can aright only expect the patronage of their several sects, that the conductors of many academies make bold professions that they are not sectarian, and lulled by these declarations into unsuspectingness, parents have confided their children to them, and found out too late that they paid tribute to the Romans.

There is a great deal of charlatanry in the management of many literary institutions. In connection with the appropriate duties and studies of the schools, it is sometimes the case, no efforts are made to influence the minds of the pupils towards any peculiar religious doctrines; but in private, in hours separate from the school seasons, by conversations and prayers, much is attempted and much is effected to a sectarian end. By books and tracts, ingeniously placed in the way of the scholars, filled with persuasions to peculiar religious opinions, like attempts are made; while every page, the contents of which are averse to those opinions, is sedulously kept from them. Much is also done by bringing the pupils

into acquaintance with suitable society for the purpose; by not assisting them to the acquaintance of the intelligent and good of other orders; and by discouraging familiarity with such when friendships are casually formed. Much is also done by invitations and pressing recommendations to attend public and private meetings appropriate to the desired end, and with secret agency guarding them from religious assemblies of a character not favorable to their object.

We have known teachers attached to such institutions, who treated with sovereign contempt the doctrine we fold to our hearts as divine and unalterable truth; who were free to confess that they regarded it as foul and poisonous to the moral system; who, in conversation were not in the least studious to conceal their enmity to our holy faith, their strong desire for its expulsion from the community, and were not slow in denying the christian name to all believers in Universalism. 'There is no religion in Universalism!' is the deliberate judgment of the preceptress of the ——— Seminary, and as she strongly desires her scholars to become religious characters, she undoubtedly will do all in her power against their favoring what has no religion in it. Where the government of a school is decidedly anti-universalian, and otherwise zealously engaged in advancing the progress of certain religious doctrines, it is folly to suppose that they will not use sectarian influence. Indeed they could not silence the accusations of their conscience did they not aim to make converts of those over whom they have influence. We should not marvel that things are so. Consider their religious belief, and what their convictions respecting the spiritual condition of their pupils, and we cannot but applaud them for their zeal.

In such schools the liberal minded pupil must ever feel under severe restraint; and though she may hear the most outrageous perversions of scripture, yet she must let the desire to let her fellow pupils know what she knows burn in her, lest she incur the censure of her teacher and become a neglected. This restraint is directly averse to the formation of the free, frank, independent character we desire. What is more essential to the success of a teacher than familiarity and the most affectionate intercourse with the scholars? By no other means can he become acquainted with the peculiarities of their characters; by no other means can he gain the influence he should have, and awaken the affection

in the hearts of his pupils that is desired by every good teacher. The young are mere artificial beings in the presence of a teacher they do not respect or love, and thereby his success and their improvement must be greatly retarded. We should not expect that there can be this desired intimate, open-hearted intercourse between the educator and the educated, when the one looks upon the other as obstinately clinging to what is death to all vital piety, and will sink the votary into remediless ruin.

If at heart we are Universalists—if the best feelings of our nature have known its spiritual baptism, we must desire to see unfolded in the young the character of the practical Universalist. Call it a sectarian wish—sectarian zeal—sectarian enthusiasm, yet the God that reads the heart knows we desire to see a generation spring up in the beauty of our divine religion. If there is any one truth concerning our nature fixed beyond controversy, it is, that the man of decided, heart-felt religious principles, devoutly desires that the image of his own faith may be engraven on the heart of his children. And shall Universalists, unlike all nations and communities, think little of delivering the young from the influences that are opposite to the cultivating of the character they are desirous for them to possess? Will they send their children to schools whose conductors they know abhor what they regard as most sacred? Will they help to swell the treasures of that power that has darkened to human gaze the glory of the illimitable God? And will they longer neglect to rear and foster a high seminary of learning in our ancient commonwealth—the very Athens of America—where the mind may be free, the heart unshackled, and the communion of instructor and pupils be as unrestrained and affectionate, as the intercourse of the kind parent and beloved child?

Names do not alter things; therefore call them sectarian schools or not, I maintain, with a tone I wish came from one more worthy to awake attention, that there should be seminaries of education, and some of an elevated character, under the control and patronage of Universalists—known and honored as such institutions. That there *might be* all we wish we will not tarry to illustrate, for if the wealth in the many societies of Massachusetts is not enough to bear me out, then your estimate of the cost of supporting such institutions is far higher than mine, and heightened not a little by fancy.

I will proceed to briefly show that Universalists should have seminaries of education under their control and patronage.

First, I premise that Universalists have never underrated the worth of education; i. e. they have never regarded it as unnecessary,—have never looked upon learning with contempt, and have never considered the acquirements conferred by theological and literary instruction as burdening the minister in the proper discharge of his duty as a christian teacher. While they have ever sought to have the faith of men to stand 'in the power of God,' they have acknowledged that 'the excellency of speech' is not to be despised, but, under the guidance of the truth, mighty to effect good in the cause of Christ. But now that the dominion of our faith is extensive—now that the order is not too poor, or too much scattered, to patronize distinctive literary institutions, the world demands more proof than mere declarations, that, as a denomination, Universalists have a proper respect for liberal education; and they should have it in the generous endowment and patronage of the schools for which we plead.

The times demand it. Great efforts are now made for proselyting against us; the young are especially looked to, as they are aware that it is through them that they are to act upon the next age. The dignity of the order demands it. Look through Massachusetts—consider its numerous communities of believers—behold the great number of the young attached thereto—think of the pride of the parent in the intelligence and virtue of their children—remember the intimate intercourse and full affection that should exist between the educator and the educated—call to mind the character desired to be unfolded in the young, and then ask yourselves, if the dignity of the denomination in our commonwealth does not demand that for which I plead! Universalists should have a little 'pride of place,' and esteem their own religion enough to give it a sanctuary in the temple of learning. If there is not existing a single school such as is desired, let energy be aroused to make such a school as is needed. There is talent concealed that might thus be easily brought out; yea, to such work, there are teachers who would come forth from where they now labor, like prisoners from the prison-house, to their Father's vineyard; and ere the spring flowers shall deck the earth, there might be one of the most flourishing Academies in suc-

cessful operation, wherein, in every morning's prayer, God would be addressed as the Universal Father! How many have spent years in preparing themselves for the teacher's office, have made it their ambition to be worthy of the station they aspired to, but have been heart-sickened to see others chosen from their side in school, every way less qualified for the teacher's duty, simply because the others had a smaller heart than they, and limited in faith the efficacy of the Redeemer's blood. That sectarian partiality in electing to office and conferring honors in many of the Academies has caused great injustice, there is not room to doubt. Scholars have felt it, though parents, perhaps, have not known it; for it is the high-minded who would feel it most, and it is such who bury most in their own hearts griefs of this character.

Did I possess the age which draws to itself respect, and the reputation that gives weight to counsel, I should advance many things which my own judgment approves, but which I do not feel free to set forth, and therefore close, with the hope that proper attention may be given to the subject here discussed.

ED.

Haverhill, Mass.



THE ISLE OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

T O S. C. E.

Original.

MAIDEN who wearest the angel smile!
Say, hast thou been to our fairy isle?
The pride of our bright-waved mountain stream,
Lovely as Eden of poet's dream;
The sunniest spot of this gladsome world,
Where the flag of beauty is never furled,
Where the bird's sing on through the changing year,
And the ivied arbors are never sere.

I see it now from my mossy seat,
I hear its murmuring waves retreat,
Then hasten back to the sloping shore,
Like the lover who seeks his doom once more;
Yet seeks it all for another glance
At the beauty who scorns each bold advance,
And mocks his vision with charms that might
To the heart of a Peri bring delight.

The noblest trees of the forest, there
Stretch out their arms to the bracing air,
Hiding amid their foliage dun,
The first fond beams of the rising sun,
While down at their violet covered feet,
The wild fawn starts from his slumbers sweet,
To roam unshackled the dingles through,
And bathe his lips in the scented dew.

There are such flowers as we sometimes dream
In the land of love, on our brows will gleam.

The starry jasmine, the tender rose,
Looking the soul to a soft repose;
And many a wild and nameless one,
Tinged with the hues of the summer sun,
Casting a deep, rich light below,
Where the daisy peeps with its brow of snow.

And there are arbors of evergreen
On the deep spring's willowed borders seen,
And low sweet music is often heard
When the laurel leaves by breeze are stirred,
And the heart will ache at its dreamy tone,
When the bright moon walks in her path alone,
And sigh for the voices that never more
May hush its throbs on this mortal shore.

Oh maiden, who wearest the angel smile!
Away with me to the fairy isle,
For thou art faithful, and I am lone,
A shade o'er my spirit the world has thrown;
I shrunk from its cold and hollow show,
Blighted and 'seared on the heart I go,'
Longing for scenes that are free and wild,
With the buoyant hopes of an eager child.

Away with me—and hand in hand,
We'll wend our steps o'er the pebbly strand,
Searching for relics of ancient time,
When the red man stood in his power sublime,
Watching the bright fish come and go
In the shallow pools where the waves are low,
And plucking the sweet wild mint so rare,
And catching new life from the fragrant air.

Away, away, we will gather flowers,
And sing and sleep through the sultry hours,
Forgetting that sorrow and sin have e'er
Drawn forth the sigh and the bitter tear,
Dreaming only of holy things,
Bathing our brows in Parnassian springs,
Taking no note of the flight of time,
As he draws us on to another clime.

Away, away, when the moonbeams smile
On river and meadow and deep defile,
'Tis said that a minstrel, old and gray,
With his harp of reeds to that isle makes way,
And takes by those few low mounds his place,
(The genius he of the dark brown race)
And chants with a low and sobbing breath,
A dirge for the chieftains who sleep beneath.

How sweet to hearken his plaintive hymn
Echoed back from the grottos dim,
Answered by waves from the shelving beach,
A moment borne from the listener's reach,
Then lulling our own fond hearts at last,
To the world of sleep with its pictures vast,
Oh maiden, who wearest the angel smile!
Away with me to the fairy isle.

J. H. A.

Towanda, Pa.



A FEW ERAS IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

Original.

CHAPTER VIII.

I HARDLY know how to commence this chapter,
for I really feel as though I had already tired the

patience of the reader, and I experience a wish to condense all which further remains to be related of Religion, into the compass of the present chapter, which, if it is a possible thing, I will accomplish. The last chapter left Religion still in Worldly Prosperity, but threatened, if I mistake not, with some new difficulties or dangers, some of which only, as I wish to study brevity, I will detail.

In preceding chapters we have seen, that Idolatry wished to unite the fortunes of Religion with his own, but was steadily foiled in his endeavor. And now that he and his myrmidons had become discomfited, and comparatively powerless, beneath the ascendant star of Religion—and now that she was by the greatest in the Valley of Human Life esteemed and served, new candidates for the honor of her connexion successively appeared. Among the first, was one called *The Holy Catholic Church*. This was an overgrown personage, of vast dimensions, and rather potential withal, exerting an influence over territories and kingdoms innumerable, and ruling even rulers. At the time he made his chiefest advances toward Religion, this suitor dwelt in Worldly Prosperity, though he made it rather his boast that he had previously weathered the dreary climate of Adversity, in which Idolatry, &c. were then skulking, and had won his residence in Worldly Prosperity solely by his own merits. But it was suspected by many, that Priestcraft and Simplicity, of the people, two able amateurs in the art of making bricks without straw, advanced his ends in this respect to a considerable degree, and assisted materially in establishing his authority and power.

Such in a brief view was the individual who preferred his claim to the hand of that sweet daughter of purity—Religion. His caricaturists have represented him under the form of an overgrown woman sitting on a beast, and endowed him with the name—'MYSTERY, BABYLON.' But whether this is well applied to him, I pretend not now to decide. But at all events, his ornaments and finery were much more gratifying to the sight than his general features and proportions. His robes were of the imperial order, his diadem dazzled the sight with the abundance of its jewels, his throne blazed with the superfluity of wealth lavished upon it, and his retinue, when all collected, might have reached from horizon to horizon.

Earnestly did he press his suit, and so sanguine

was he of his success in obtaining her, that he erected a structure for the accommodation of Religion, called the '*Hall of Ostentation*.' This was of the most splendid material, and was planned by two celebrated architects, Pride and Worldly Wisdom. It was furnished with many apartments for the accommodation of the servants of Holy Catholic Church, whose duty it was to take all directions in the regulation of his household, to provide for and defend him. There was thus, the apartment of the *pope*, or head servant—the apartment of the archbishop, who was a step inferior, the apartment of the bishop, and so downward in regular rotation, to the lowest officer of the household. One would suppose, from the peculiar preparation Holy Catholic Church made for the reception of Religion, that he was of a jealous disposition, and rather averse that she should be much seen. The apartment designed for her in Ostentation Hall, was quite interior, and accordingly as he had arranged the entrance, she could only be approached by the means of several long corridors, or avenues, of very intricate construction and approach, as well as winding. Among these avenues was one called *Seclusion from the World*, which, perhaps, was the most dreary. There were several called *Ceremonies*, such as ceremony of the mass, &c. It is supposed by some, that Holy Catholic Church built his hall much after the model of the Mansion of Heathenism, referred to in a previous chapter; but for this I do not vouch, although the fact that it was ornamented by various *images*, among other things, before which the servants of the individual in question, were wont to make obeisance, would strongly argue that some portion of the design was borrowed from Idolatry.

But the courtship of Holy Catholic Church was of no avail. There were some of his followers for whom she conceived a friendship, and to whom she extended her smile and the hand of esteem, but he himself Religion never wedded. He was not to her taste, nor did his taste apparently suit hers. She bore a great dislike to certain court personages by which he was constantly surrounded—Pomp, Parade, Artifice, and others. She also disliked his management with respect to two shaggy dogs, which he kept constantly at his heels, called *Penance* and *Purgatory*. The object in these dogs was to keep his people not only in subservience to himself, but attentive to Religion. She, however, needed but

her own evident loveliness to induce any to serve her. She had been accustomed, and successfully as we have seen, to rely upon this alone ; and she did not thank Holy Catholic Church, nor did her friendliness for him increase, for his negative compliment of the two dogs.

Matters stood in about this position, when another candidate for the countenance and person of Religion appeared on the stage. This was an individual called *Protestant Church*. He was the child of *Light* and *Reform*, and at the time he took the field as the rival of Holy Catholic Church, was fast depriving him of his possessions, power, influence, and servants, there having been a law suit between them, and the court of public inquiry having decided in favor of Protestant Church.

That the latter should, in addition to other injuries he was doing him, oppose him in his addresses to Religion, was, as the reader will readily apprehend, exceedingly tantalizing and irksome to Holy Catholic Church, and roused at once to the utmost his ire, and nerved him to revenge and retaliation. And it was the bloody and vindictive war waged between the two worthies I have mentioned, which so much jeopardized the safety of Religion, and thrust her renewedly into dangers of the most appalling character.

Could my pen speak with the inimitable eloquence of a Demosthenes, or a Cicero, it would be in vain to describe the quarrel, and the consequences of the quarrel between Holy Catholic Church and Protestant Church. It almost served to deprive Religion of the few sincere friends she had in the families of the two contenders, (for she had won the hearts of many of them by her celestial charms, and they were her sincere servants and devoted friends) for all became equally interested in the question at issue between the two, and in the bloody strife carried on by each against his adversary, and gave themselves freely up to the influence and government of the instigators of such dissensions, Fanaticism and Carnal Passion. Religion in this strife, may be said to have been, comparatively, in the situation of that unfortunate damsel, who, entrusted by her lover to the care of the wild children of the forest, fell a sacrifice to disputations among them, of which she was the subject.

Long did the war, waged by Holy Catholic Church against Protestant Religion continue, and disastrous were its results. The former, in the first of the contest, had much the advantage of the latter, and drove him and his followers

back into the dreary Glen of Persecution, of which we have before treated. Here the afflicted, though not weakened, followers of Protestant Church, baffled in their efforts to escape, wandered for years, and expired by various miseries which their enemies found means to inflict on them. I will not enter into a detailed delineation of the sufferings to which they were exposed and which they underwent. But suffice it to say that they did not always last. The battle was not to the strong. *Reform* and *Light*, whom I have before asserted to have been the parents of Protestant Church, created a diversion in his favor by creeping assiduously into the camp of Holy Catholic Church and surprising it, taking prisoner many of his followers. This success was followed up by so many advantages, that Protestant Church was not only delivered from his perilous condition, but finally subdued his adversary, and rose in pre-eminence over him.

This, however, gained him no additional favor in the eyes of Religion. She had somewhat the same objection to him which I have before stated she had to his rival. He wielded a large *battle-axe*, called Endless Misery, with which he struck down all who were not respectful to her name, and who professed no particular reverence for her, and with which he continually threatened to induce his followers to manifest toward her those attentions which he calculated would be of much avail toward furthering his interest in her eyes. But Religion wished to call friends around her by the still influence of her loveliness, which, when once really perceived, is sufficiently potent to produce the end without such extraneous assistance as Holy Catholic and Protestant Church sought to render. And though she stood his friend in his adversity and persecution, and attached most of his followers to her on account of her endearing beauty—and though she lent them her countenance, and instructed them in, and caused them by her sweet and genial influence to perform the various duties which she was sent by the Lord of the Valley of Human Life to require of them, she never became the acknowledged bride of Protestant Church.

Religion is properly adapted to wed HUMANITY alone. Indeed she was destined by Him who sent her on her mission into the Valley, to become united to this personage, and no other. He is, like herself, an emanation from a higher sphere ; and one great object of her mission was to rescue him from the debased state of servitude

into which he had fallen under the usurpation of Idolatry. Accompanied by Purity and Peace he had been placed, by its lawful sovereign, in the Valley, to possess and adorn it. But the fell foe and usurper had stolen stealthily upon him, and reduced him to a condition from which an interposition was required to relieve him. Religion was the guardian angel set apart and sent for this duty; and through a union to be effected between her and Humanity, the sovereign trusted to restore the Valley to that state of loyalty and peace of which it had been deprived under the illegal and injurious dominion of Idolatry.

As will be readily seen by the reader, the defeat of Idolatry and his myrmidons had done much toward the accomplishment of this desirable object—and the prosperous circumstances of Religion, dwelling as she did with Popularity (whose extensive influence has been before described) and deeply seated as she was in the hearts of thousands, even of the great and powerful, would have enabled her to do much more toward it than she had already been enabled to do. The discord which occurred between Holy Catholic Church and Protestant Church, was, while it lasted, a serious drawback to her in the pursuance of her plans. But since then, her annoyances have been constantly lessening, her strength increasing in the multitudinous accession of followers to her standard, and the increase of their devotion to her and of their zeal in her cause. Indeed it is confidently reported that the day star of Idolatry and his divided kingdom is steadily sinking in the horizon, that everything indicates the approaching consummation of the objects of the mission of Religion, and that Philosophy from being opposed to her has become her active friend, and has already been made to exert his powers in her behalf.

Indeed, so certain has it become that Religion will finally achieve the objects of her mission in the Valley, that a friend of hers, called Prophecy, has been busily engaged in designing and portraying the consummation; he is an excellent artist, and paints on a canvass called Futurity, oftentimes the most delightful scenes. But to me the most pleasing of his productions, is the scene of which I have previously spoken, representing the final consummation of the mission of Religion. She is adorned by him in the most ornamental manner as a bride, having for her handmaidens Peace, Righteousness, Love and Charity. Humanity stands at her side redeemed

from the condition into which he had been thrown by his enemies, crowned with an olive wreath, with Truth and Faith to sustain him, while around the twain are assembled the various inhabitants of the Valley of Human Life, with cheerful hearts and happy faces, to witness and rejoice in the nuptials. Truly I hope that what Prophecy has thus beautifully painted will not prove imaginative in the last, but that in an actual scene of which that so happily depicted by him is a fair image, may end the ERAS IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGION.

D. J. M.



SONNETS.

Original.

ALTHOUGH they've passed, long since, away,
The bright and blissful days of yore,
Yet round my heart their memories play,
And still shall play, till life is o'er.

Yes, day by day those mem'ries bring
The purest bliss my soul can know,—
A sacred—holy light they fling
O'er darkest scenes of life below.

Then let the storms of life blow on;
Let future years be filled with gloom;
Let ruder currents yet flow on,
Until they bear me to the tomb;
There is one charm will always last;—
'Tis in these mem'ries of the past.

WRITTEN AT SEA DURING A STORM AT NIGHT.

THICK darkness is spread o'er thy billows, old ocean,
And gloom and wild horrors are over thy breast;
No star glimmers down with its tremulous motion,
To pierce the dark pall which is cast on thy crest.

The storm-god has stilled the mild breeze that was bringing
Sweet music and fragrance from off the far shore,
And thy small and bright waves into mountains is flinging,
As he sweeps o'er thy depths with his direful roar.

How changed art thou ocean, since sunset was gleaming,
In deep golden light o'er thy beautiful waves!
Now tempests are roaring and wild birds are screaming,
And thunders are rolling among thy deep caves.
How much like our life is a voyage on the sea!
For amidst its sweet calms, the dread storm is set free.
South Carolina.

D. B. H.



THE TRUE VINE. NO. IV.

Original.

'I am the vine; ye are the branches. He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.'

JOHN XV. 5.

OUR present labors will be to show who are the branches of 'the true vine.' It is evident from the whole conversation of our Lord, that they

were his immediate disciples. Calmet has this view of the subject. 'Jesus does not merely represent himself under the metaphor of a vine, in the more confined sense of a teacher, but in the more exalted and comprehensive one of the Messiah, sent from heaven to found a new kingdom on earth. He considers his apostles as the branches in him, not merely as disciples and friends, but as deputies and assistants chosen and called by him to found and extend his kingdom.'

The Divine Instructor here points out three things. 1st. The disciples must abide in him. 2dly. If they did not, they would be cast forth as useless branches. 3dly. If they remained in the vine, they would be purged that they might bring forth more fruit.

1st. The disciples must abide in Jesus. This is enforced in a very beautiful manner. 'Abide in me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me.' Clarke says, 'For as the branch, however good in itself, cannot bear fruit from itself through its own juice, which it has already derived from the tree, and can be no longer supported than it continues in union with the parent stock; neither can ye, unless ye abide in me. As the branch partakes of the nature of the tree, is nourished by its juice, and lives by its life; so ye must be made partakers of my divine nature, be wise in my wisdom, powerful in my might, and pure through my holiness.'

2dly. If the disciples did not abide in Jesus, they would be cast forth as useless branches. They would wither, and men would gather them, and cast them into the fire to be burned. By this we are to understand that if they forsook their Master and his cause, they would share the fate of his enemies. Clarke in his Commentary gives full scope to his imagination respecting the burning. It signifies in his view, 'to be eternally tormented with the devil and his angels, and with all those who have lived and died in their iniquity.' What a contrast, when compared with the blessed and interesting conversation of Jesus with his disciples. The Savior does not intimate any other destruction than that which would take place in the present world. They would be cast out of the kingdom as had been before said of the unbelieving Jews: 'The Son of Man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace

of fire: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.' But all such language had reference to scenes and events that were to take place in that nation, and during that generation, as might be abundantly proved, were it not a departure from our main subject.

3dly. If the disciples remained in the vine, they would be purged that they might bring forth more fruit. Clarke criticises this passage of our Lord in the following manner: 'The branch which bears not fruit, the husbandman taketh IT AWAY, but the branch that beareth fruit he taketh away FROM it, i. e. he prunes away excrescences, and removes everything that might hinder its increasing fruitfulness. The word *intens*, I take away, signifies ordinarily to *cleanse, purge, purify*; but is certainly to be taken in the sense of *pruning or cutting off*.' Our Lord undoubtedly intended to carry out his illustration by a reference to the manner of cultivating the vine. It is thus described by Bochart: 'A triple produce from the same vine is gathered every year. In March, after the vine has produced the first clusters, they cut away from the fruit that wood which is barren. In April, a new shoot, bearing fruit, springs from the branch that was left in March, which is also lopped; this shoots forth in May, loaded with the latter grapes. Those clusters which blossomed in March, come to maturity, and are fit to be gathered in August; those which blossomed in April, are gathered in September, and those which blossomed in May, must be gathered in October.'

How beautiful, how interesting are the parables of our Lord! How simple, yet how majestic! How pure and excellent! How wonderfully adapted to the human understanding! They contain a rich fund of instruction for all ages. Like the vine, to which Jesus compared himself, they afford living fruit to all who will go to them. Well might those who heard the great Teacher, exclaim, 'Surely man never spake like this man.'

Our next and closing article will be a doctrinal and moral one of the whole subject. c. s.



SKETCHES NO. I.

Original.

THE GOOD HOST.

THIS world contains a singular admixture of good and evil, joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure. Nor do the characters of men form a contrast with the

face of the outward world. We may not call an individual good, and yet we shall be puzzled to point out any glaring defects either in his disposition or his conduct. In describing human beings we are very liable to fall into excesses. In endeavoring to paint and embellish a favorite character, we are prone to speak of him in terms which truth will not warrant. We clothe him with every imaginable grace. Our partiality leads us into error, and error is never productive of good. No doubt that if we consulted the enemies of our hero, they would succeed in pointing out to us some faults which our blinded love had overlooked. Perhaps we should also find that his treatment of them had been different from his treatment of us—and hence the wide disparity between our opinions of him. But our opinions of one another do not avail much. There is an eye which sees the motives of the heart, and from whose glance no secret action is covered.

We are quite as liable to err on the other hand, and to deny to those against whom we have formed a prejudice, any good quality whatever. But when we do this, it is evident that we are under the influence of wrong feelings, destructive to our peace and injurious to our brethren. That man may always doubt the rectitude of his own heart who looks upon any fellow creature in this manner. It is not because the person whom we thus condemn is wholly evil, but it is because we hate him, that we can see no good quality in his composition. It is because we are at fault, and we look through a dark medium, our eyes being obscured by the film of prejudice, and our reason darkened by the mists of passion.

I have made these preliminary remarks because it will not be pretended, in the following sketch, that the person, whose character I draw, was without his faults; and because I wish to show that in describing such a character, I am following nature. My hero is not held up for imitation. I held no man up for imitation save our Lord Jesus Christ—and I pretend to laud no other man as a perfect being. Whatever is good in the person whom I describe, should attract our admiration; and when we look upon his blamable qualities, we can only lament that in this state of being, there are none who are wholly destitute of failings. Let us endeavor to avoid those faults which we see in others, as much as possible.

Everybody within forty miles of F——, had heard of Mr. Aiken, the landlord at the Four Corners. Many of them had, at some time in

their lives, had experience of his hospitable fare, and there was not a child in the village who could not point out the red-roofed house and swinging sign-board of the 'good host,' as they were accustomed to call him. He delighted in children, although he had never been married, and if, on his way to school, some little urchin presumed to trespass upon the apple orchard in the rear of the house, the owner seldom or never evinced greater indignation than a threatening shake of the finger would imply. He was never known to offer personal injury, or to seek reparation from any of the young rogues whom his easy good nature had attracted to his premises—excepting on one occasion, when widow Beman's son threw a stone against his windows without provocation. He then accompanied the boy to his mother's house, and rigidly exacted fifteen cents, to pay for the broken panes—but he had observed her destitute situation and the trouble she had been at to raise the money. On the next day, therefore, he sent her a boiled ham that was worth ten times the amount which she had paid him for the broken glass. When other tavern-keepers were raising the price of their articles, Mr. Aiken remarked in his slow, careful manner, that 'he had kept tavern forty years, and had always kept to pretty much the same rules and *riggulations*,' and that he was too old to learn new fashions, and he should, therefore, keep to his old prices, especially as he did not perceive that folks were any more able to defray higher charges than they had formerly been. To some one who told him that he had as good a right to take advantage of the times as other people, he answered that he supposed it was so; but that he had always had sufficient for his wants, and he could not imagine what any person wanted of more.

But our landlord did not exactly obey the injunction to do our alms in secret. Like many other benevolent individuals, he was very willing to have the credit of his good actions. Perhaps that this was chiefly owing to the candid simplicity of his nature.

During one severe winter, he filled a large wagon with vegetables, and sent a trusty man around the village to deal them out to the poor. As the wagon had never before contained any badge by which its owner could be designated, the neighbors were a little surprised to see that on this occasion, it was marked with his name, painted in large letters on the side. An editor in

a neighboring town took occasion to speak of the generosity of 'the good host'; and the newspaper containing the record of his timely charity was duly sent to his address. The pleasure which he evinced on reading it, was extreme. He spent one or two days in running around the neighborhood with the paper in his hand, and exhibiting the flattering article to all classes of people. He afterward contented himself with reading it aloud to every customer who entered his bar room, apparently insensible to the marks of impatience which they showed, as he universally made them submit to the infliction before he gave them what they called for. Finally, he carefully cut the precious morceau from the paper, and pasted it over his bar, where every one could read it for himself.

The old man was, of course, accustomed to see a great variety of people; yet he contrived to suit the various tempers with whom he had to deal, and out of the discordant mass who assembled at his house on holidays, he always contrived to pluck the jewel of harmony. If any difference arose, the case was referred to him, and he proved on all occasions a peace-maker.

He always appeared less anxious about receiving his dues than he did about the comfortable accommodation of his visitors; and he never grumbled when compelled to arise at dead of night and let in the hungry and way-worn traveller. No poor wanderer was sent from his door with his wants unsupplied, and what is even more unusual, no one complained that his charges were exorbitant.

But we now approach the melancholy part of his career. He had doubtless thought little on the subject of religion—having been content to sit under the preaching to which his fathers had listened from time immemorial. Every Sunday he went regularly to church, and reverently listened to the exposition of doctrines which he regarded as impregnable, because he never heard them controverted. It so happened that a difference of opinion gradually grew up among the church members, and it soon resulted in the invitation of a Universalist minister, who succeeded a clergyman of the rigid Calvinist faith. Our host had never until now suffered his passions to get the mastery of him. Religious debate was to him a new field for operations. He had grown old under the preaching of Calvinistic ministers, and had never taken the pains to examine whether their tenets were true or not. Consequently

he was ill qualified to withstand the arguments used by the liberal members. Still he took an active part in the dispute. The consequence was; that he lost his temper and became a heated bigot. He refused to entertain the new preacher at his house. He even regarded all those who adhered to him, as enemies to himself; and universally treated them with neglect when they put up at the White Bear. His friends saw with sorrow that his disposition had become soured, and his temper morose. He absented himself wholly from church, and still refused to sell his pew, lest room should thereby be made for others to sit under the 'blasphemous preachments,' as he was wont to term it. He neglected his customers—became irregular in the management of his affairs—and was often rude to his neighbors. In consequence of this, a new tavern was built, to which people generally repaired for accommodation. Poverty came upon 'the good host' in his old age, and forgetting the good which he had done during a long life, and remembering only the latent evil, his neighbors looked on with unconcern when they saw him carted off to the poor house. But a neat slab of marble in the village burial ground now contains the simple words—THE GOOD HOST. LUCIUS.



TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.

Original.

THE above advice, although it may jar with the maxims and customs of the wise and prudent, contains, nevertheless, the words of Jesus Christ. Divested of its oriental idiom, it would probably read: 'Be not anxious for the morrow.'

I believe it was the intention of the Savior to chide the too common practice of neglecting the duties and disregarding the blessings of the present moment, in our over anxiety for the future. Indeed, it is said that men live only in the past and the future—so extremely desirous are they of hurrying over the present. Then they look back upon past enjoyments, and wonder that they set so little value upon them at the time. The reason is plain: they threw them aside in their eagerness to grasp the future.

Ungratefully neglecting the bounties of heaven while they are showered down upon us, we continually grasp for more—thus we enjoy nothing. It is only the man who gives thanks in all things who enjoys anything; and no happiness surpass-

ses that of the heart warmed by gratitude, which, as it receives the slightest benefaction, looks around for the generous giver, and exclaims: 'What shall I render unto Thee, for all thy mercies?' It is this state of mind which gives a zest to all which we enjoy. It is this state of mind which will prevent the everlasting struggle for wealth—for large possessions—and the honors of this world. That priceless pearl, contentment, is thus obtained, for when we take the trouble to think of the many favors which are dispensed to us, we feel constrained to confess that we have already more than we merit.

It is not until we are deprived of comfort that we set a value upon it. When the man who has spent twenty or thirty years in absolute freedom, in the enjoyment of good health, and all the conveniences of life, is shut up, for a few months, in a dungeon, he knows how to value liberty. He thinks he would be happy if permitted once more the free exercise of his limbs—if allowed to roam abroad upon the breezy hills—to wander among the wild flowers of the plain—to sit beside the murmuring brooks—or to walk about among his friends, and take note of the progress of human affairs. When the time of his enlargement arrives, he feels happy for a brief period—and soon everything returns to its old channel; the worth of liberty is forgotten. He now thirsts for some new source of enjoyment; he looks forward to anticipated pleasure—it comes, and still he is unsatisfied. He was ungrateful for the enjoyments granted him even in prison; and he would be dissatisfied if the whole world lay in subjection at his feet. While in health we appear regardless of that great blessing. We hear invalids exclaim that they would give the world for the enjoyment of good health, and it makes little impression upon us; because we are looking forward to the future. We refuse to enjoy present blessings, and to be thankful for them.

We should think it a mark of gross indelicacy—nay, of brutish negligence, to treat an earthly benefactor in this manner. If a fellow mortal makes us a small present, we deem it necessary to express our thanks; and it is not uncommon to refuse a gift until it is fairly urged upon us.

What would be thought of the man who, upon being presented with a cow, ordered his son to drive her home while he hastened to the donor's house to beg a horse also? Would he not be considered unworthy even of that which had been given him? I have read a case in point. A

clergyman once called upon the wealthy Girard of Philadelphia, and begged a donation to assist his society in rearing a church. Girard took a check and filled it up. The sum was five hundred dollars. The clergyman looked at the amount, and remarked that the sum was not so great as had been given on previous occasions. The donor requested the check might be given to him again. Supposing he intended to alter it, the other handed it to him. Girard tore it up, and told the clergyman he could be excused from any farther attendance. I do not commend the conduct of Girard on this occasion, but that of the clergyman was far more censurable.

If we bore in mind that the good things of this life are the free gift of the Creator, we should not so often despise small benefits, and grasp after greater ones. The poor man would not look with contempt upon his own humble cot, and teach his children that they are miserable because they do not occupy one of the splendid palaces of the rich. He would not neglect the enjoyment of present comforts in an eager looking forward for future ones.

But mankind are made miserable by giving way to anxious fear respecting the future. When troubles arrive, they are never so painful as they have been in anticipation. But why should we look forward with so much fear as to disqualify us from enjoying present happiness. It is unwise—it is foolish; and the Savior condemns it in the most pointed manner. 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' It would truly appear as if many professors of religion had never heard of such a thing as a trust in Providence; or at best, as if they supposed it was merely a thing to talk about, and on no occasion to be reduced to practice. Have we really pondered upon this point, and given it the consideration which it deserves? Have we regarded a trust in heaven as a duty—as a sublime pleasure? Have we considered the lilies of the valley how they grow—and have we learned that the same heavenly Father which clothes them will clothe us also? When assailed by misfortune—when the waves of affliction have seemed about to overwhelm us, has God been in our thoughts, or have we leaned upon the arm of flesh? Have we endeavored to stay our minds upon Him who is a present helper in the time of need, or have we then shown that however eloquently we could speak of heavenly things, when the sun of prosperity shone on our path, we lost our faith in the moment of trial.

What an example for the christian to set to the world! Well may the infidel scoff, when believers fly from the God in whom they have professed to trust.

There is no faith where there is no trust in Divine Providence. This is one test of our belief in the christian faith.

But a trust in Providence will not lead us to neglect the means in our power which tend to alleviate our prospects. So far from that, it will have a wonderful effect to produce that calm self-possession which is required in moments of doubt and peril. It is true that we see men who neglect to do anything for themselves, who repudiate all exertion, and sit down with folded hands. They come to ruin—but it is not because they have trusted in Providence. People who trust in Heaven do not neglect their duty; but they are inspired with wisdom and constancy to perform it.

'Will not the Lord of all the earth do right?' It is a belief that the Lord will order everything aright, and a determination to do our duty under any circumstances, and to be satisfied and resigned to our lot, which constitute a trust in Providence. When we have attained to this condition of mind, we shall not lie down at night in dread of what the ensuing day may bring forth. We shall not be troubled by tormenting dreams, but shall sleep sweetly as in the arms of Jesus; and shall awake prepared for the worst that may betide.

E. W. S.



TO ———

Original.

HAST thou a flower of love, which thou wouldst not
The winds of heaven should touch with chilly breath,
To blight or mar its charming loveliness?
Then be thou cautious of the hasty speech,
The impulse rash, that darkens o'er the face,
And shrouds the look affectionate and glad;
Lest, as the sudden gusts of autumn winds
Rob the sweet rose of all its robes of light
And fairy beauty, thou shouldst rashly breathe
The withering word in angry tone, and see
Thy flower of love bowed to the earth in blight!

We weep when the frost-spirit waves her wand,
And desolation, with her train, comes forth
To sweep away the beautiful and fair
Of Flora's own, and hush the voice of bird,
And running stream, and insect hum, and still
The joyance of the earth while summer reigns;
But a far deeper sorrow should be ours,
When withering frost of icy speech has chased
The smiles of roseate cheeks away, and made
The summer of the heart to flee, and stilled
The cheerful voice, and chained the richest streams
Of sympathetic feeling in the soul.

ED.

Haverhill, Mass.

HARRIET CUMMINGS: or *The Contrast*.

Original.

MISS CUMMINGS had just returned from the ball room. 'Betty,' said she to her maid, as she threw herself on a sofa in her room, 'I do not want you now; I must rest before I undress—go to your chamber, and I will ring when I want you.'

'Strange that Miss Harriet can never think that Betty is tired too, and wants rest,' thought her maid, as she passively obeyed. She saw by the huge silver watch she wore, that it was past four o'clock. 'He would pity me, if he knew I had to sit up so late, when I am so dreadful tired.' And she kissed his watch as she laid it aside, then took up her Bible, the parting gift of her mother, and began to read. Her countenance brightened as she proceeded, and she said softly, 'Well, it is not so bad after all, to wait for Miss,' it seems so good to read my Bible, and think about God and heaven.' Happy girl! her treasure was in heaven, and her heart's best affections. She had not to feel the fearful effect of loving the world supremely, and finding it all vanity. Far otherwise with her mistress. She had been the belle of the evening—the 'observed of all observers;' and as this was the height of her ambition, she had, as a matter of course, returned home in high spirits.

As soon as Betty left the room, she rose with a self-complacent smile, and an elastic step that did not speak much of fatigue; and began her devotions at the shrine of her own beautiful self as seen in the mirror. Her mirror was a giant among its kindred,—so large that she could chassee, forward and back, balance, &c. without losing sight of her figure. Another of somewhat smaller dimensions, and portable, enabled her to see how her zephyr scarf looked when thrown over her form, as she arranged it before waltzing with the stranger from England. During the same dance, while Lord Melville from France and his group of friends were watching her, she became very much elated, and without any effort, 'put on' that beautiful balance so much admired by the stranger. That she might not lose it, she performed it again and again before her glass, talking thus to herself. 'Oh how original and beautiful! I do not wonder that the stranger called me an angel; or that the Misses Hall looked so maliciously at me. They envied me, I know they did. I never saw father and mother look so happy; I can tell how I appear, by noting them.'

Miss Cumming's mode of drawing inferences was a correct one. Her parents were happy or otherwise, as their daughter danced well or ill. Regardless of the effect that admiration and flattery must unavoidably have on such a temperament as hers, they made no effort to conceal the one, or suppress the other. 'Mr. Cummings,' said the fond mother, while Harriet was standing near her, 'Is she not a perfect beauty? and her dress is the most splendid in the rooms; even the Misses Hall are ugly in comparison. The Bradleys give a ball next week; no ordinary affair, of course. We must do our best for dear Harriet; she deserves everything. Husband, don't you think the stranger from England is in love with her?'

Her husband was too much absorbed in watching Harriet's sprightly manner as she stood conversing with the stranger, to answer her; and she continued: 'How noble he is! he looks more like a lord than Melville does. Who knows, husband, that he is not a nobleman in disguise, endeavoring to make Harriet love him for his own sake, like the hero of the novel she read all last week?'

Harriet heard no more; but when she recollected the last remark of her mother's, she said, 'Strange that mother should think just as I did of the stranger—but he was so attentive to me; so enthusiastic in his praises of me and my dancing! Well, I will go to the Bradley's ball, much as I dislike the whole family; for father shall recommend the stranger to the attention of Mr. Bradley. But Miss Bradley is called very handsome. I do not think she is, and perhaps he will not. I will dress—oh how shall I dress? This is the most becoming dress I ever wore—so light and zephyr-like in its floatings; but I have worn it once, and must have something new. Let me think—there, I should look well in a blue gaze de Valliers—a bright celestial blue, if I can look pale enough. I can lay by rouge; then Madame de Annay can finish the work with her *preparation*. One thing more, and I am ready for Betty,' she continued, as she changed the position of her mirror. 'I wish to know how I appeared at the time my scarf fell to the floor when I was waltzing. Oh how pretty! I must have a new scarf for the Bradley's ball, and will manage to let it fall just so, while dancing with the stranger. What shall my scarf be? But I am almost frozen; and will think about that after I go to bed.' She rang, and Betty came immediately.

'Now Betty undress me as quick as possible,' said Harriet, 'for I am almost frozen—how slow you are!'

'My hands are so numb sitting so long in the cold, that I can hardly use them,' said Betty, calmly, 'but I shall be as spry as I can on my own account, if nothing else; I am so tired and sleepy.'

'I do not wish to hear you complain. I am thinking, and will not be disturbed,' answered Harriet. She sat down before her mirror, for Betty to undress her head; and the sight of her really beautiful figure in a new attitude, restored her humor. 'Betty,' said she, 'you do not know how I was flattered this evening. If I had been a goddess, and those present my worshippers, I could not have received more homage.'

She paused; but Betty did not answer her with more flattery, and she felt reproved by her coolness.

'I do not approve of flattery, do you Betty?'

'No, Miss Harriet, I don't. I should not dare to be flattered, I should be so afraid that it would make me proud and haughty; and you know the Bible says, 'Pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'

Harriet felt the reproof, and blushed; then she recollected that she had blushed once during the evening, while the stranger was admiring her; so she raised her eyes to the glass that she might know how she appeared. She was looking very brilliant, and she thought so too; and therefore forgot Betty's reproof, and sat very patiently while she proceeded silently in her task. This over, she left her to think about her scarf and the stranger.

During the week, Harriet did little else but study Madame de Arblay's Camilla, walk languidly across her room, fix herself in a careless attitude on the sofa, and sing, 'Oh no I never shall forget!' in a tremulous style, *con affetto*.

The night of the ball came. No one but Madame would do to assist at the toilet on such an occasion. She had made dress and appearance the principal study of her life; and was, indeed, an adept in the art. This Harriet knew; and therefore submitted herself to her with perfect confidence in her skill. She arranged her hair with perfect neatness and simplicity. She wore no rouge, jewels, nor embroidery. An elegant scarf, selected by Madame, was thrown lightly over her shoulders; she then descended to the sitting room, to receive the coveted meed of flat-

tery from the lips of her *mother*, who had thus excited her mind.

'Oh my dear Madame,' said the delighted mother, 'the effect is beautiful. I positively never saw anything so charming. You may add my name to your list of patronesses. I assure you I shall be eternally obliged to you, and will recommend you to every one I see.'

'Not to the Misses Hall, or Miss Bradley, I hope, mother,' said the spoilt Harriet.

'Just as you wish, my dear. But really I do not think you have anything to fear from the Halls. In my opinion they are really ugly, every thing about them is so natural and unfinished. Margaret continually reminds me of a healthy, romping country girl; and her sister, of the superior of some convent. Miss Bradley is engaged you know. Your father has seen Mr. Bradley, my dear, and the stranger is invited. He has taken rooms at the Astor House, and calls himself Colonel Montague, but they all think he is something more than a Colonel.'

'Carriage is waiting, Mrs. Cummings, and my little sylph—why, are you sick to-night, Harriet?' said Esquire Cummings, as he entered the sitting room.

'No, father, I am not sick, but I feel strangely languid and fatigued,' said Harriet, in a perfectly appropriate tone.

'Well, my dear, I have just met Colonel Montague. Among other fine things, he hoped he should have the honor of meeting my incomparable daughter at the ball. Are you ready, Mrs. Cummings? It is time to be going.'

'I must first arrange my shawl.'

'Never mind your shawl, you will not be noticed with Harriet at your side.'

'I know I shall not by you. I really do not think you have glanced at my new dress.'

'Humph! what is it? Harriet, my dear, are you ready? Come, Mrs. Cummings.'

'Stop, father, awhile,' said Harriet. 'Madame would not my pearl necklace look well with this dress?'

'Indeed it would; will you wear it?'

'Yes; send Betty for it. It is in one of those boxes on my toilet, or on one of the shelves in my closet, or somewhere there; she can find it.'

'Thanks to you, Harriet,' said Mrs. Cummings, 'now I shall have time to adjust my dress more to my taste. How will that do, dear?'

'Oh well enough,' said Harriet, without look-

ing at her, as she stepped forward to take the beads from Betty. 'Here, Madame.'

The Cummings family returned much earlier from the ball than was their usual custom. Mr. Cummings was silent, his wife scolded her maid, Harriet retired immediately to her room, and rang for Betty.

'Betty take off this horrid dress, I hate it. Did you ever see me look so bad?' and she burst into tears and sobbed aloud. Betty tenderly inquired the cause of her emotion.

'Why Betty,' said the beauty as soon as she could speak, 'it was a failure—an entire failure throughout, this dress and complexion of mine. I am sure I detest Madame. I never saw Margaret Hall looking so brilliant and beautiful as she was this evening. Montague admired her too. I could have cried with vexation. He wished me to introduce him. I hinted that she was unworthy the honor. But this did not do; he succeeded in getting an introduction, and solicited her hand in the next dance. With the greatest possible indifference, she thanked him, but was engaged. You recollect Mr. Ashburn, who called here so often last month. Well, she danced with him. But I should not have cared a fig for his desertion to the enemy, if Montague had continued loyal.'

'Why do you call Miss Hall your enemy?' asked Betty.

'You will not understand me if I tell you. She thinks herself very handsome and amiable; but manages to conceal her vanity. She is a great coquette; yet pretends to great circumspection; she professes to act perfectly natural, but is, I am convinced, the most artful girl breathing.'

'Mary, her maid, told me she was the best lady she ever knew. She says she is good to everybody. Shall I tell you all about her, Miss Harriet?'

'You may, for I wish to know how she manages.'

'Well, she rises very early in the morning, reads awhile in her Bible, then kneels down and prays a beautiful prayer. Mary says it always makes her feel happy and good to hear Miss Margaret pray. Well, then she sits down to sew on her old clothes she is making over for the poor. After breakfast, she goes round the house, putting things in order; into the kitchen, and talks with the servants, and helps them if they need help. And when they are sick, she takes care of them herself. Then she goes out making calls.

Sometimes she carries medicine and nourishment to the poor that are sick ; and sometimes she takes quite a bundle of clothing, that she has been making over for poor children, who had nothing but rags to wear, and could not go to meeting. Then she hears their lessons at Sabbath School. I have heard her talk to them there, and it was enough to make me happy all the week, she talked so well about God and heaven and our Savior. How she does so much I can't tell, for Mary says she is studying music, drawing, and Italian I think she called it. Then she calls on a great many rich folks, and receives calls from them. Sometimes she goes to balls ; but Mary says she does not go to all of them ; and after she gets home, if she is ever so tired, she reads her Bible and prays. Miss Harriet are you tired hearing me talk ?

'No, Betty, but it is late and you are fatigued, so I will not detain you. Good night.'

Tears came into Betty's eyes as she said 'good night. I wish you would always speak so kindly to me. Mary says that is the way Miss Hall always speaks to her.'

'Good creature,' thought Harriet, 'I will be kind to her. I can be kind ; but I am so selfish and vain. Oh that I was like Miss Hall. Perhaps I can be like her. I can at least make an effort, and may God assist me. To-morrow I will call on Margaret ; really I have forgotten the stranger.'

The next morning Harriet called on Miss Hall. They had once been intimate friends ; but the vanity of Harriet had estranged them. Miss Hall met her at the door, and received her with warmth.

'Miss Cummings I am glad to see you. They told me that you was indisposed last night, and I was on the point of calling at your father's. You have not called to see me of late as you used to, Harriet. You have hardly noticed me when we have met in public. I have felt grieved at this, but I cannot forget the happy hours we have spent together, the tears we shed at parting, when I went into the country ; or the joy we felt at meeting. We were happy then, were we not, Harriet ?'

Harriet attempted to speak, but could not ; she rose and walked to the window, to conceal her emotion. Miss Hall understood her feelings, and hoped everything from them.

As soon as Harriet became more composed, she returned to the sofa on which Miss Hall was

sitting, and told her all—how pride and vanity, with their handmaids, envy and jealousy, had taken possession of her heart, to the exclusion of every better feeling. She avowed her determination to reform ; and the energy of her manner, the tears of penitence she shed, gave evidence of her sincerity.

Together they knelt down, and Margaret gave utterance to Harriet's every feeling, in prayer and confession to God.

* * * * *

A year rolled by, and Harriet Cummings sat in her chamber, busily engaged in repairing a dress for the poor widow Blanchard's daughter, that she had just adopted.

Margaret Hall entered unperceived by her, and bounding like a fawn across the carpeted floor, she flung her arms around her neck and kissed her.

'What an alteration in your room, Harriet ; a new carpet and your large mirror gone ?'

'Yes, dear Margaret, there is a change in my room ; but a far greater one in the feelings of its occupant. A year ago, my preparatory lessons were taken here before acting in public. How humiliating is the recollection of the past. It seems like a dismal dream from which I have been but recently awakened. But I have been thinking this morning that I still need more devotedness to the service of God. I am, notwithstanding the sad experience of the past, too prone to "forsake the fountain of living waters, and hew out to myself broken cisterns that can hold no water." I think too much of Charles, Margaret ; he is too much my idol.'

'I find,' said Margaret, 'that our thoughts have been similarly employed. I was interrupted by Mary, who brought a letter from Henry.'

'From Henry—is Charles well ?'

'Yes, my partial friend ; and Henry too, said Margaret, with an archness that made Harriet blush. 'Charles began writing to you at the same time ; but was summoned to the bed-side of a dying neighbor. He requested Henry to say that he would write by the next mail. He has accepted the invitation of the church at A. and will be ordained in two weeks. A Mr. Brooks, attorney at law, is about removing to the west ; and Henry has taken his office in the same neighborhood. How happy we shall —

'Girls, Mrs. Murray is much worse to-day. The doctor thinks she cannot live, but a short time,' said Mrs. Cummings, as she entered the

room where the young ladies were sitting. 'We will go to her immediately,' said Harriet, as she rose and flung aside her work. 'Dear mother, will you prepare some food for us to carry to her poor children?'

'I have sent James with a basket full.'

'Thank you, thank you,' said the girls, as they left the house hand in hand.

E. J. C.

Amoskeag, N. H.



LIBERTY OF JUDGMENT.

Original.

*'Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.'*

A GREAT deal is said, now-a-days, about wounding the feelings of people; and we not unfrequently hear that public men have disregarded the feelings of the community. No one says of a pirate, a robber, a thief, or a murderer, that he has been guilty of hurting the feelings of the public by his misconduct. Neither do the public complain that his crimes have wounded their sensibilities. Yet surely, if the hearts of the community were right, nothing would wound their feelings more than for a man to bring ruin and misery upon himself, and to deal wrong and injustice to his neighbor. Yet so far from being hurt at it, many persons greedily devour the account of his atrocities; and even in that awful moment when he is led forth to expiate his crimes on the scaffold, how many thousands crowd to the scene of execution to gaze with interest and curiosity upon his hardened countenance, and witness the last struggle of mortal life. It is only when unpopular opinions are promulgated, that we hear the outcry about wounding the feelings of the public. Now we deny that such is the effect of unpopular sentiments. We aver that there is a great difference between wounding the feelings of people, and incurring their resentment. We might as well complain that St. Paul wounded the feelings of a Roman Nero, by teaching the doctrines of mercy. No doubt Nero would have been thrown into a passion, if a man had taught him that cruelty was unamiable and contrary to Divine Truth. Again—the Pharisees might have complained that their feelings were hurt, when our Lord taught that justice, mercy, and the love of God, were more essential than the mechanical rituals of the law. No doubt

they were blown into a rage and gnashed their teeth upon him. The unpopular doctrines of the Savior 'wounded the feelings' of the bigoted and blinded Jews.

Now I ask not whether a man's views are correct or not. We have no arbiter to decide for us—as the authority of the pope is not acknowledged by our country. Whatever may be a man's opinions, he is free to express them; and when we hear persons objecting to the free expression of them on the ground that they 'wound the feelings of our christian community,' we cannot but wonder that other matters do not equally wound their feelings. The truth is, that heretical sentiments can only wound the feelings of believers in one way—that is, they may excite the tender compassion of true christians, seeing that a man is in error and has not the consolations and soul-enlivening hopes of the gospel. But such is not always the case, for those who complain the loudest of their outraged feelings, do also insist strenuously upon inflicting punishment upon the deluded individual! It cannot, therefore, be their *christian* feelings which are hurt. On the other hand it is their anti-christian bigotry which is stirred up; and in the heat of their rage, they counsel that a man shall be unjustly imprisoned for daring to express opinions dissimilar to their own!

This will appear sufficiently plain when we recollect that the community have no lawful jurisdiction over the thoughts and sentiments of one another—that no man is responsible to his fellow for the views which he may entertain on the subject of religion, philosophy or literature. This being the case, the community have no right to complain that a man promulgates opinions which may be, in some respects, at variance with their own. When, therefore, they fall upon him with bitter exclamations and wrathful threats, we may be sure that nothing but their wrong and criminal feelings are wounded. If this were not so, why do they not exhibit the same fanatical fury when a widow perishes with hunger, when any disaster happens to their fellow-men? The truth is, that their religious sympathies cannot be wounded—as religion teaches us to feel for the misfortunes or errors of our brethren in a very different manner. It is when the community claim a right to control the thoughts of men, that they are irritated by the presumption of one who dares to dispute that right. And when they feel their evil passions, their wrath, their resent-

ment stirred against him, they complain that he is wounding their feelings! They first do him great wrong by pretending to dictate what he shall think, what he shall believe, and what he shall say; and then they complain that he has injured them, because he does not meekly bow his neck and suffer them to hang the galling chain of mental servitude upon it! BETHA.

Boston, Mass.



HYMN.

Original.

ETERNAL God of living truth,
Who from creation's earliest youth
Hath watched o'er erring man;
Through the vast whole thy power extends,
And goodness with thy wisdom blends;
All-perfect is thy plan.

We see Thee in the arched height,—
The glittering worlds, like diamonds bright,
Thy glory all declare;
And in the seasons as they roll,
As thy fixed laws their course control,
Thy varied love we share.

Though earth and sky reveal thee, Lord,
Still thou hast tuned the heart's deep chord
To utter more of thee;
And in its longing hopes of heaven,
The ardent trust which thou hast given,
We read thy Deity.

And while we praise thy name for these,
We turn with joy the sacred leaves
Of Revelation's book;
In these we scan thy wondrous love
To worlds below, and worlds above,
And on thy Image look.

Great God! O grant our hearts may be
Impressed with love, deep wrought, toward thee,
And full of gratitude;
And while life's mazy round we tread,
O may our deeds thy glory spread;
Our name among the good.

ED.



THE PASSOVER.

Original.

WE have, in previous numbers, spoken of the other two great feasts of the Jews, and design now to give a somewhat circumstantial account of the feast of the Pass-over. The intimate connection of a right understanding of the ceremonies of this festival with a correct interpretation of several portions of scripture, makes this subject important. A slight sketch of the feast and its customs will not suffice; sacred things are not to be merely skimmed over, for thereby their

importance under the old economy, their beauty and solemnity are hid, and the mind wonders why so much is said, and why so much was thought, of the festival. A thorough acquaintance with Jewish antiquities can alone give us an idea of the wisdom of the Deity in appointing the national festivals, and of the wide-spread benefits resulting from their observance. They could only be legally celebrated at Jerusalem; there all the males of the nation were required to appear; and there, as one vast family, they renewed their vows of allegiance to the One True God and to their political and religious constitution. The very scene was calculated, in a powerful degree, to inspire the Jews with strong emotions of friendship, piety and patriotism, and awaken the desire and the resolution to help on the common good. It tended to absorb in one general national feeling all local prejudices of the different tribes; and while it strengthened social feeling and affection, it also nourished a deep love of their religion, as associated with their happiest hours. We may have an illustration by imagining a celebration of the 4th of July by the whole nation in one temple.

These great feasts were, also, to the Jews, and are to us, monuments of the truth of the Mosaic religion; for no impostor would have presumed to institute such public and splendid memorials of wonderful events that never took place, and to make the extraordinary requirement for all the nation to leave their homes, except the crippled and infirm, and assemble in one city. They must have been assured of Divine protection, as they left their territories in a defenceless state without feelings of danger, and their ever active and vigilant enemies never invaded them while the season of celebration continued. And another of the uses of these feasts was the bringing together all ranks, so that they felt the common brotherhood, and that they all leaned alike on one arm—the arm of God. And when Jeroboam, made king by the ten tribes, prohibited them from going up to Jerusalem at the great feasts, he manifested an artful policy for his own ambitious schemes—for nothing could serve to make them lose their feelings of alienation, and contribute so powerfully to heal divisions, as attendance on these feasts with the other tribes.

We now proceed to describe the feast of the Passover. The name of the feast was derived from the circumstance of the destroying angel's passing over the houses of the Israelites without

entering therein, being only commissioned to destroy the first-born of the Egyptians, the night previous to the deliverance of the Israelites out of bondage; none of the Israelites were harmed, and the feast commemorated their safety and deliverance from servitude. *Exod. xii. 25—27.* It was sometimes called the feast of unleavened bread, as it was unlawful to eat any other during the festival season. *Ex. xxiii. 15. Mark xiv. 1. Acts xii. 3.* The name was also given to the lamb slain on the first day; from whence came the expressions, to eat the passover, *Mark xiv. 12, 14,* and to sacrifice the passover, *1 Cor. v. 7.* Hence Christ is called our passover, or our paschal lamb, slain for us. But the name properly belongs to the anniversary of the day of deliverance, which was observed on the 15th of the month Nisan, answering to our March, (O. S.) and was called the first of the holy year. Not a little singular was the manner in which the nation was informed of the approach of the time, for with their rude notions of astronomy they could not have regular calendars of seasons; but the first appearance of the new moon was the sign for calculating the time; two witnesses testified to the Sanhedrim of the time they saw it, and then directions were given by the council to spread the news abroad throughout the land. The plan of procedure was thus;—‘A person with a bundle of brush wood, or straw, went to the top of Mount Olivet, where he kindled his torch, and waved it backwards and forwards till he was answered by fires from surrounding hills; while these, in their turn, spread the intelligence to others, and those others to persons at a farther distance, till the whole of Judea was informed.’ The Samaritans counterfeited this sign, and made sometimes great confusion, which caused the Jews to adopt another mode of notice, which was the sending of speedy messengers throughout the land. How much trouble, confusion and vexation would an almanac have prevented!

The time being thus fixed, we will attend to the customs and rites of the festival. All the males of the nation were commanded to attend, save the infirm, the deaf, the dumb, and such as were not physically or mentally able to attend with profit. Children, when able to walk from their homes to the temple, were also to appear there. In the city of Jerusalem the inhabitants opened their houses free to strangers, which usage will explain the circumstance of our Savior’s sending to a man to prepare for his eating

the passover, who, by the relation, appears to have been a stranger to him. The public preparations for the event were seen in the repairing of the roads, bridges, and the pools, or tanks, for holding water for the convenience of travelers; the sepulchres were all painted anew, that they might easily be perceived, and thereby the people keep from defilement by not approaching them; and all public business was so despatched that perfect freedom might be given to public characters. Purifications and other customs were observed personally to prepare the individuals for rightly fitting the mind to attend the feast, impressed with its solemnity and divine authority.

The original institution first required the search for leaven, the utter extinction of it from their habitations. This was a singular procedure, as every article of furniture, apparel, or otherwise, was removed, from the greatest to the smallest, and every crevice, hole, and corner, searched. This was commenced in the evening with lighted candles, to which allusion is made in the figure used by Zephaniah, *i. 12*: ‘And it shall come to pass at that time, that I will search Jerusalem with candles.’ No work could take the precedence of this; it was commenced with great solemnity, a prayer being first offered; and between the prayer and the conclusion of the search not a word was uttered by any one. The Jews desired to comply with the letter of the command, *Ex. xii. 15,* and after the most rigorous search swept every part of their house, sure that not one crumb of leavened bread remained. ‘Leaven was an emblem of sin, because it proceeded from corruption; and the putting away of this, implied the turning to God with simplicity and uprightness of heart.’

A lamb was then brought to be examined by the priests to see if it be without blemish; one for each family, or if small two joined together; and Josephus remarks—‘A company of not less than ten belong to every sacrifice, (for it is not lawful for them to eat singly by themselves;) and many of us are twenty in a company.’ A strict bond of union was preserved in these societies after the lamb was slain, and no one was allowed to change his society during the season.

The first day was a common day till noon. Then all the gathered leaven was burnt, or otherwise destroyed; and at one the people began to repair to the temple. Before the erection of the temple, the lambs were killed in their own houses, and their blood sprinkled, with a bunch

of hyssop, on the lintels and door posts of their houses ; but after the temple was built the sacrifices were killed in the court of the priests, into which the persons entered in companies, composed of one from every paschal society. At half past two the Levites sang the psalm for the day, the silver trumpets were sounded, and the people worshiped. What an impressive scene ! Who would not partake of the enthusiasm of the occasion ? A whole nation in one vast assemblage bowed in adoration to the living God, manifesting the development of that religious principle that is inwrought with our very natures, and marks us as of a nobler race of being than all other dwellers on the earth. What an imposing spectacle ! The same chord in thousands of hearts touched by the same feeling, all natural and artificial distinctions forgotten in reverence of the supremacy and goodness of the Almighty.

It is impossible to enumerate the number of lambs sacrificed at one of these seasons. We have, however, two recorded instances which will give us some idea of the vast number ; the first was in Josiah's time, 2 Chron. xxxv. 7—9 ; where we are told that 37,600 paschal lambs and kids were used ; which, at ten to a company on an average, would make 376,000 persons attending the feast. The other instance is by Josephus, where we are told that Nero had so great a contempt of the Jews, that Cestius requested the high-priest to devise some way to number the people, to show Nero that the Jewish nation was not so despicable as he imagined. At the passover they made the computation, and found the number to be 2,565,000, all legally pure, as neither lepers, sick, or infirm, or strangers, were admitted to the solemnity.

We will now follow the people to their rooms to see how they ate the passover. Concerning the manner of eating several directions were given as an antidote to Egyptian idolatry. The Egyptians esteemed sheep as sacred, and religiously abstained from using them, either for food, or clothing, or sacrifice, and worshiped the ram as the symbol of their principal divinity. And it is said some particular homage was paid to this god about the time of celebrating the Passover ; when, therefore, Jehovah directed his people at this season to sacrifice and eat this animal, and publicly sprinkle its blood on the door-posts of their houses, he taught the Israelites to pour contempt on this idol of the Egyptians. The Israelites were commanded not to

eat any of the animal *raw*, which seems hardly worthy of inspiration as a command, being so unnatural to suppose they would indulge in raw flesh ; but this precept was a guard against the customs of the idolaters, for in some of their sacrifices raw flesh, and palpitating limbs torn from living animals, were used, and were a part of their festival. On the same account the command was given to eat the paschal lamb privately and entire, in opposition to the Bacchanalian feasts, in which the victim was publicly torn in pieces, carried about with great pomp and then devoured. On the same account, also, express directions were given that the lamb should be roasted with fire, and not boiled ; because it was a favorite superstition with the Egyptians and Syrians to boil their victims in a certain manner for some festivals, as being essential to success and favor with their divinity ; and it was well to guard the Israelites against this foolish and idolatrous practice. The divine command also was, that the whole of the lamb should be eaten, or at least that no part should remain till morning, which seems rather a singular command till we learn that the custom of the heathen priests was, to use the fragments of their victims for divining purposes, and also that those who frequented the temples of the pagan gods, were eager to carry away some fragments of the sacrifice as sacred relics, to be used for superstitious purposes. And the more we can discover the customs of the surrounding heathen, the more shall we see that the Deity carefully guarded against permitting any part of this grand festival, consecrated to him, supplying materials or temptations to the practice of such foolish magic and idolatry as degraded surrounding nations. There was divine wisdom even in the most minute direction, and though at this late day we cannot discover all the reasons for the various prohibitions and commands, yet are we led from what we can perceive to decide that the whole ceremonial was adjusted to wage an open war against the favorite gods and superstitious ceremonies of Egypt, and form a strong defence to the true servants of the Most High against copying profane examples.

The lamb being slain, brought to the room and roasted before a fire, it was prepared to be eaten at evening. They first assembled around the table ; then the president of the company gave an invocation and drank of a cup of wine, and after which the whole company drank. Then the ceremony of washing hands was introduced,

which was deemed sacred, being preceded by a prayer. The food was now brought forward, and being placed on the table, the company gathered in order around. The original command bade them eat the passover in a standing posture, with their long, loose garments girded as for a journey, with shoes on their feet, with staves in their hands, and, indeed, every way equipped as for a hasty departure for a long journey; all this was to remind them of the sudden deliverance or departure from Egypt, and call up the feelings that then pervaded every breast, making the occasion very solemn and impressive.

The passover was eaten with unleavened bread, called the bread of affliction, Deut. xvi. 3, alluding to the departure from Egypt, when they had not time to leaven their bread, as it is expressly said, Ex. xii. 39. This use of unleavened bread is continued by the Jews even to our day, and is supposed to point out a moral, that the divine legislator would have the people cleanse their minds from malice, envy, and hypocrisy, i. e. from the leaven of Egypt.

The passover was also to be eaten with bitter herbs, as a memorial of the bitter servitude in Egypt; to which the Jews afterward added a sauce, to remind them of the clay in which their fathers wrought while in bondage. A great variety of addresses, prayers and invocations, were offered by the president of the company; and, indeed, it is impossible for us to give an idea of the solemn interest, the devotion, the deep piety, that pervaded the whole. To them it was as a grand yet mournful drama, by which they were made to feel the bitter servitude of the Egyptian bondage, the folly of idolatry, the mercy of God in the deliverance, and the thousand obligations to serve and obey him. They were awakened to a deeper consciousness that obedience to God and union among themselves, constituted their barrier of defence, and more fervent was their trust in Him in whom is everlasting strength.

The feast lasted seven days, though it was not so long observed by all who went to Jerusalem, as all were privileged to return home after the night of the first day. A variety of sacrifices offered, ceremonies and festivities, employed the time of those who did tarry; and that week formed national bonds of union which slight difficulties could not break; and as in our day and country we have no such festival, it is impossible for us to adequately estimate the powerful manner in which this feast contributed to the har-

mony and patriotism of the nation. We would to God that such a generous, noble national feeling could be awakened in our country, that the petty partialities of states and cities might be swallowed up in the common good.

Christ, our passover, was sacrificed for us. His whole life was a sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God. He is the Lamb of God that shall take away the sin of the world. Let us remember our obligations to him; purge out from within all the old leaven of uncleanness, and keep the feast of life, not with malice and wickedness, but with hearts constantly devoted to sincerity and truth.

ED.

Haverhill, Mass.



STANZAS,

Suggested by the Dedication of the First Universalist Church in Boston, Jan. 1, 1839.

Original.

A MIGHTY throng were gathered,
Around their Father's throne,—
Near when the sainted Murray stood,
In days long past and gone.
O happy sped the hours,
And blessed the words that fell;
From lips of melting eloquence,
Of heavenly truths to tell.

There, youth's fair brow, so radiant
With beams of gladness bright,
Which care had left unsullied,
Shed e'en diviner light;
While age's tottering footsteps,
Those aisles with rapture paced;
They, who in youth's gay morning,
The ancient house had graced.

And smiles of joy were witnessed
Where sorrow's blight had been;
For mild religion's vesture
Was thrown o'er all the scene.
Oh! she hath power to brighten
The darkest hours of night;
And bring the sin-sick wanderer
To regions of delight.

Ye children of that faith,
Which God's dear Son brought down;
Seek not to win earth's flowers
To wreath your heavenly crown;
But rather seek *His* glory,
Who dwells beyond the skies,
And learn of him that wisdom
Which maketh truly wise.

Thus *prove* this latter house
More glorious than the first;
And prove by your example,
Ye love the Master's cause.
And may *He* send rich blessings
By whom all grace is given,
Till *all* shall reach *that* building
Eternal in the heaven.

PHILIA.

S— B— Jan. 1839.

TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

WE have found in the following recital a tale of deep interest, drawn from that period in Roman history, when to embrace christianity was like taking up the cross in our Savior's time, and when providence often made the oppressed slave to be a minister to commend the truth to the wealthy and great. This, like a thousand other passages in that portion of the annals of Rome, conveys an eloquent lesson for our day; and if it is brought home to the heart, it will awake a more devoted adherence to the faith of the Anointed. And as the Lord said to Peter, 'When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren!' so let this beautiful recital speak to the female—When thou art converted, strengthen thy sisters! Let it not be enough for thee that thou knowest the truth, let others know it from thee; for if around thee there is one that is bound by the thralldom of error, that one has a claim on thee for liberty if thou canst grant it. Be faithful unto death. ED.

In the reign of Marcus Aurelius Antonius, there lived in Rome a good old senator who had two daughters. Veronica and Berenice were noted less for their beauty and gentleness, than for the extraordinary resemblance they bore to each other, and for their mutual affection. These girls were twins—their mother had died during their infancy, and it was found after her death that a mother's eye only had been able to distinguish the children. Had their father, Flavius Torquatos, bestowed much of his time and attention to them, he might have acquired the same power of discrimination; but the noble patrician's hours were divided between the senate-house and the court; and when he came home at night wearied, he was well enough pleased to play with his two sweet little girls, without further troubling himself concerning them. And yet he was a kind father; he entreated his widowed sister to take up her abode with him, that she might take care of the children; he allotted for their use a magnificent suite of rooms, he purchased for them a numerous train of slaves. Veronica and Berenice had scarcely a wish ungratified.

As they increased in years, the remarkable similarity of their persons remained undiminished, but their characters became essentially different. Berenice was pensive, gentle, it might be somewhat melancholy, studious and fond of retirement. Veronica was volatile, giddy, of quick and warm affections,—yet did these points of difference not lessen their fond affection.

They had completed their sixteenth year when, among the presents brought by their father on his return from a visit to the East, was a young female slave of extraordinary intelligence and merit. She soon became the favorite of Berenice,

and the noble young Roman would frequently recline for hours on her couch, while the slave beside her, occupied at her embroidery, would tell her tales of her own family and native land. She wept when she spoke of her peaceful home and aged parents, and Berenice felt as though she loved the girl the more for her fond regret. She asked for what cause her liberty had been forfeited, for she knew that Alce had not been born a slave; but on this point she could gain no satisfaction. Berenice would not pursue the painful subject, but her sister's curiosity was not so easily suppressed. She questioned her father, and the reply of Flavius made both his daughters start with horror.

'It was for crime,' he said; 'for a crime of blacker nature than you can conceive; for crime that merited death; but I pitied her youth. Nay,' he continued, 'be not alarmed; she cannot, will not, injure you; she is gentle, and skillful in the healing art—for this reason I have her about you. And—you are Romans, and noble; Berenice, you will not descend to undue familiarity with a slave.'

Berenice remembered this injunction—she meant to obey it; but shortly after this conversation she was attacked by a painful illness; and during the tedious hours of sleepless nights, she could not refrain from desiring Alce to tell her stories, and sing her songs, as she had been wont to do. Often and often as she watched the quick, soft step of her attendant, and compared her unwearied assiduity and gentle activity with the indolence and carelessness of her other slaves, she wondered what could be the crime of which so meek and unoffending a creature had been guilty. One night she felt worse than usual, and having persuaded her sister to retire for awhile, she lay perfectly still meditating on the past and on the future—that fearful future of which she knew so little, and which she much dreaded. Alce was kneeling by her couch, and believing her mistress to be asleep, she prayed in a soft voice to the God of the christians for her recovery. Berenice listened in still attention; she heard, to her surprise, the mediation of a being implored, of whose very existence she was ignorant. She saw Alce arise at last with an expression of resignation and holy hope in her meekly raised eyes which she had never witnessed in the votaries of Jove. She called the trembling girl to her side, and bade her quickly explain her sacred faith. Alce hesitated—she knew the

danger she would incur for both, and some remains of the fear of man yet lingered about her heart. But she conquered the unworthy feeling, and drawing from the folds of her robe a roll of parchment, she read aloud to her attentive audientress the record of the most surprising event in the history of mankind.

Many months had passed away. One evening the sisters were together in their own apartment. Veronica stood before a mirror, her vest of satin, her flower-wreathed robe, her zone of brilliants, told that she was preparing for a festival. At the farther end of the room Berenice was seated. She was arrayed in a plain white dress, and her long hair fell unbraided in its own luxuriance about her throat and shoulders. With one hand she fondled a snow-white dove, and ever and anon her dark hair fell over the gentle bird, and it nestled lovingly within it; the other rested on a parchment which appeared to engross the maiden's deepest attention.

'Come, now, Berenice,' said her sister, playfully fixing the wreath of roses prepared for herself on her sister's brow, 'lay aside for once your melancholy book, and send your dove to his rest, and come down with me to the banquet.' Berenice looked up and answered gently,

'Not so, Veronica—not to-night. It is the anniversary of poor Alce's death; and did she not die for love of me, watching and waiting when all others slept? Her image has been with me through the day; I cannot join the banquet with my heart full of sad memories. Leave me, sister;' and Berenice took off and returned the wreath.

'Yet listen—one word more. Thou knowest who will be there this evening. My father will frown, and Lucius Emilius will sigh when I go in alone. Lucius departs to-morrow for the battle; and shall he go without one benison from his affianced?'

'No,' replied her sister, speaking low and faltering; 'you, Veronica, will tell him that I wait to see him here before his departure.'

'Berenice! my sister, bethink you of your father—remember his patrician prejudices. Surely this step—'

'Go, dear sister,' answered Berenice, mildly yet firmly; 'for the love that you bear me do me this errand. I would not any other eye should mark the weakness I fear to betray at parting with one whom my father has commanded me to love. Tell my father I am unwell—and it

is true my head and heart ache—go dearest.' And Veronica, unconvinced, yet persuaded by the tears of her sister, which in truth were flowing fast, left her alone.

Berenice resumed her reading, but not for many minutes; she arose and shut the volume, saying, 'Not thus, not thus, with divided attention and with wandering thought may I presume to read this holy record.' She placed it within a small golden casket, locked it carefully, and then walked forth into a balcony on which the windows of the apartment opened. The moon had just risen, and shed soft light on the magnificent building of the eternal city; the cool, thin air swept over the brow of the maiden and calmed her agitated thoughts; she had a bitter trial before her, for she was about to inflict a deep wound on the heart of one whom she loved with all the innocent fervor of a girl's first affection, and she trembled as she pictured to herself his surprise and sorrow. Then Berenice looked up at the quiet of the evening sky, and thought of the time when earth's interests would be over for her; and could she thus look, and thus think, and still hesitate? Ah, no! When she heard the step of Lucius drawing nigh, she plucked a single flower from a creeping plant that overshadowed the balcony, and keeping it in her hand as a token to recall her better resolutions, she advanced to meet him.

'It was not for this I sent for you hither,' she said, in reply to his passionate expression of regret and love; 'you are a Roman soldier, Lucius, and I know it was neither your destiny nor your wish to be ever at a lady's side. Believe me, I have learned to look on this parting as on a thing inevitable;' but ever as she spoke her voice faltered.

Lucius leaned forward to console her, to whisper of re-union; 'Your father has promised, dearest,' he said, 'that this campaign once over, the Marcomanni once defeated, I shall be rewarded at my return with the hand of my Berenice.'

'It may be so,' she answered, sadly, 'if you still wish it.'

'If I still wish it! Berenice of what are you dreaming?'

'I am not dreaming, Lucius Emilius; I am speaking the words of sober reality. You think of me as of the beloved daughter of Flavius Torquatos—the co-heiress of his wealth and honors; of one whose hand will confer distinction. If, on

your return from Germany you should find me despoiled of all these advantages, an alien from my father's house, it may be from his heart, scorned and forgotten by my friends, despised by mankind—'

'You would still,' replied Lucius, 'be to me the same Berenice, whom in her hour of prosperity I had vowed to love and cherish. But what can be the meaning of your terrible words? Why do you torture yourself and me by such utterly vain imaginings?'

Berenice withdrew from the encircling arm that supported her; she leant against the slight column of the verandah, her voice was softer than the softest whisper, yet every word fell with terrible clearness on the ear of her lover—'Lucius Emilius, I am a christian!'

Lucius went forth that night from the chamber of his betrothed an altered man—for the chill of disappointment had fallen on his proudest and fondest hopes. He had tried all his persuasive powers to induce the girl to forsake her new opinions—he had tried in vain; so now nought remained for him to do, but to fulfil the engagements in which his honor was concerned, and then to return, to love her still, and to protect her, if necessary, with his life. He bore with him two precious gifts to console him in absence, as far as any thing could console him—the golden casket and the carrier dove.

* * * *

Berenice was again alone—not, as heretofore, in the solitude of her own luxurious apartment—not surrounded, as she was wont to be, with her books, and music, and flowers; she was alone in the solitude of a gloomy prison-chamber! A small aperture near the ceiling, guarded by iron bars, admitted just light enough to show the dismal emptiness of the place—no tapestried hangings to hide the cold, damp walls, no warm carpets to cover the stone floor. It contained only a low couch, and on that the maiden was seated, sometimes raising her clasped hands in the deep earnestness of prayer, sometimes covering her red and swollen eyes, to hide, it might be, from herself, the tears she could not restrain. Presently a low knock was heard at the door, and her father entered. Berenice shuddered, and said, 'Not this—O, let me be spared this worst grief! Yet, no—the sacrifice must be complete; give me only strength to bear it!' Then she advanced and led Flavius Torquatos to her couch; and meekly kneeling before him, prayed him yet once

more to lay his hand upon her and to bless her.

The old man answered, 'It is not for this I come, unhappy girl. I come to tell you that all my entreaties have been in vain; the orders of the emperor must not be disobeyed; and his orders were, that all of your fanatical sect should be exterminated. Were Marcus here, the tears and prayers of his old faithful servant might avail; but he is beyond the Danube. To-morrow, a general execution! O, Berenice! my child, my child! must I live to see your blood flow forth by the hand of the common executioner?'

'I came not, as yesterday,' he continued, after a long pause, 'with tears and entreaties to remove you. Yesterday, I knelt to implore you to save your father's heart from breaking—and in vain! Today, I come with harsher purpose. You asked me but now to take you in my arms and bless you, as I did when you were a child. Berenice, if you do not abandon your infatuation, if you persist in bringing eternal dishonor on your line—Berenice, listen!—may the curse of your father—'

The girl pressed his arm heavily—she tried to speak, but her parted lips were white as marble and refused to utter a sound.

The old man looked on her, and the curse on his lips was stayed. He looked on her and kissed her ere he went, for he had tenderly loved her mother.

'My sister,' she faintly murmured, as he moved away; but Flavius answered, 'You will never see her again; you would infect her with your superstition. I cannot be left childless in my old age.' And the old man went, and as the last sound of his departing step died away, Berenice thought her worst trial over; and she withdrew her thoughts from the world, and sought to prepare her soul for death.

Late in the following day the people of Rome assembled in the amphitheatre, to witness the martyrdom of the christians. Horrible deaths they died! some were torn to pieces by wild beasts; others were burned at a slow fire; some were crucified, and they counted such death an unmerited honor. Berenice was reserved for the last; and because she was of Roman and patrician blood, she was to suffer the milder punishment of decollation. The sign was given, and when it was proclaimed by the herald that the christian maiden was coming forth, there was so

deep a silence among that vast multitude that even the advancing steps of the girl and her conductors were heard. But what was the surprise of all present, when they beheld not one, but two young maidens, both dressed alike in white raiment, both coming forth with the same quiet step and placid demeanor; and one, it might be the most tranquil, advanced a step towards the seat where he who governed the city during the absence of Marcus Antonius sat, and thus addressed him:

‘It is I, most noble prefect, who am Berenice the christian. This girl, my sister, for love of me, would fain take my name and punishment on herself; but credit her not—it is I who am the condemned.’

Then arose a touching dispute between the sisters—sisterly love lending one the eloquence which the other derived from truth. Many of their friends, even of their relatives, in the amphitheatre, were called on to come down and decide between them; but some spoke for each one. Veronica in her agonizing fears had lost the light and joyous expression of her countenance; and Berenice’s meek and holy hopes had chased the deep melancholy from her face and mien.

One or two brutal voices arose and said,—‘They both call themselves christians—let them both die the death!’ but one of the maidens answered, ‘Think not, most noble prefect, if you thus decree that you will be guiltless of my sister’s blood. She is not a christian at heart—would to God she were! then would I no longer oppose her sharing my early death. Veronica, acknowledge the truth and let me suffer alone.’ But Veronica, if she it was, persisted in her first declaration, and none could tell how this dispute would terminate, when a new incident attracted the attention of the multitude and silenced every doubt.

A speck was seen in the air—it came lower and nearer. It was a milk-white dove. The bird fluttered round one, then drew near the other; no caressing hand was held out to receive him, but his instinct was not to be deceived—he settled on the shoulder of her who had answered the harsh voice from the crowd, and sought to nestle, as he was wont, in her long hair. Many were present who knew the pet belonged to Berenice, so the people were satisfied with his decision, and the weeping Veronica, still protesting against her own identity, was torn from the arms

of her sister. Then the prefect, who had been much moved at this singular scene, turned to Berenice, as she stood alone in the arena, and said, ‘It is not yet too late, young maiden, to preserve thy life. Have pity on thy youth and loveliness, and on the grey hairs of thy aged father. What harm is it to swear by the fortune of Cæsar, and to sacrifice and be safe?’ But she answered more firmly than ever, ‘I am a christian, and I cannot sacrifice to your false gods. You condemn me to death, but I fear not to die in defence of the truth!’ She advanced unbidden to the block and knelt by it; yet, ere she joined her hands in prayer, she bent once more fondly over her little messenger-bird, as if to bid farewell to the last object that told of earthly ties. There was a small scroll of parchment under its wing; Berenice felt it, and thinking it might, perhaps, tell the only tidings she cared now to hear, she rose again, and holding it forth she prayed permission to read it. The prefect did not refuse, and Berenice reads first in silence and then aloud, ‘The Emperor Marcus is dead, and Commodus is already proclaimed Cæsar.’ A loud shout rent the air. It was well known that Commodus, in his heart, favored the despised sect, and, in spite of their prejudices, the beauty and heroism of Berenice had moved the hearts of her countrymen in her favor. A general outcry for her release was heard, but this the prefect dared not grant. Berenice was remanded to prison until the pleasure of Commodus should be known respecting christians. It was not very long ere, wearied with the hardships of the camp, he returned to his capital; and his first order was, that all christians should be released, and restored to their privileges as Roman citizens. In his train came the young Lucius; he had found leisure amid all the excitement of glory, and the hardships of his campaign, to study the precious gift of his betrothed—at first for love of her, and afterwards from a wish to know the truth. So when their nuptials, delayed awhile by the death of Flavius Torquatos, were at last solemnized, Berenice had the deep happiness of knowing that the husband of her choice shared the sure faith and pure hope of her own spirit. They remained not long in Rome; the follies and cruelties of Commodus rendered it distasteful to them; and although Lucius stood high in his favor, as he was very capricious they knew not how long it might remain in their own power to depart or to abide in safety. They, there-

fore, bade adieu without a sigh to the pomp and luxuries of the capital, and embarked for a little island in the northwest of Europe, without the range of civilization, where they knew they should enjoy safety and freedom.

Berenice was perfectly happy ; she gave not one regret to the magnificence she abandoned, for Lucius was with her ; and as she stepped into the boat a trembling, caressing girl clung to her, and a soft voice whispered in her ear, 'My sister ! whither thou goest I will go ; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'



TO THE OCEAN.

Original.

I LOVE to sit upon thy tide-worn shore,
And listen to thy surges break and roar ;
To watch the sea-birds circling wheel around
In airy flight o'er thine abyss profound ;
Or with untiring pinions light and strong,
O'er the curl-crested waves speed swift along—
Skimming the rolling deep in sportive play,
Their plumage glistening in the salt sea spray.

Thy murmuring waters breathe upon the ear,
A gushing melody 'tis sweet to hear.
When o'er thy bosom sweep the wild winds free,
Their wailing sounds seem whispering to me—
From the far depths of the unfathomed brine,
Where countless pearls and jewels gleaming shine,
Calling my thoughts from earthly things away,
To soar above the cares of human clay.

Eternal sea !—how awful and sublime
Thy pathless depths :—the changing hand of time
Sweeps o'er thy mighty form and leaves no trace
Of ravages behind ;—thy wild waves chase—
Hissing and sparkling 'neath the sunny sky,
Or motionless in calm repose they lie,
As when the arm of the Almighty spread
Thy heaving waters in their viewless bed. LOUIS.
Hartford, Ct.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOTHER'S FIRESIDE CONVERSATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS.

Original.

DEDICATION: *Of these Recollections would a grateful son erect a Monument to the memory of a much esteemed, a much loved Mother.*

RECOLLECTION FIRST.

It must have been in my ninth or tenth year, when I was pursuing, for the third season, my study of the Latin language when I was old enough to perceive some of the anxieties—some of the gratifications of a widowed mother's bosom. I could appreciate the efforts she was making that I might obtain all the learning and all the acquirements which W—— academy was capable of

furnishing. I could perceive the half-concealed smiles of proud satisfaction and gratification when I was attentive in the preparation of my lessons and written exercises, and especially when I returned with these latter marked by my teacher with his pedantic method of approbation. His *satis* would please her ; his *bene* gratify her still more ; and his *valde bene* would produce many a proud smile, many a sweet pat upon the head of her only son,—her overjoyed boy. Such occurrences as these stimulated me to form an untold resolution—a resolution to bear off and bring home with me the first prize of my class, confidently assured that the sight of my mother's unexpected joy when I threw the neatly bound little volume into her lap, would amply recompense me for all my extra exertions, for all my sacrifices of hours of play. Even were I not successful in obtaining the prize, I said to myself that I might be sure of one thing, viz. that the attention to my studies which would be requisite, would gratify my mother enough to repay me for my efforts to excel.

Such were the thoughts and the hopes which animated my labors at school during the season we have named. I can well recollect many of the incidents of that year—delightful yet to reflect upon ; but especially do I remember two occasions : first, the day on which I brought home to my delighted mother the prize for which I had been silently laboring ; and also that day on which I alone of the whole class was able to construe and translate a passage of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. This I happened to be able to do, because I noticed the difficulty of the passage on the previous evening, and being unable to surmount it by my own ingenuity, had recourse to an older and more advanced scholar, who gave me the key to the difficulty. I can recollect my mortification at not being able to make out the meaning, my fears of being disgraced before the whole class, my almost sleepless night, my determination to rise early and walk two miles to my friend's house for his aid, and my mother's approbation of the plan, and in the evening, of its result.

Now these events, and indeed the tenor or general character of this year's occurrences were too peculiar to be allowed by a mother, ever alert to seize opportunities for the suitable and impressive inculcation of important truths, to pass by without making an endeavor to turn them to a good account. For it was my mother's custom—one

which the reflections of older years have more and more led me to approve, and to be grateful for—it was her custom to make every remarkable, striking, or otherwise memorable event, the text or theme of some useful and appropriate practical remarks. Whatever remarkable event happened in our own little family, or in our neighborhood, she made the subject and the occasion of practical lessons. Whatever was read in the newspapers, or in books, she commented on with the intention that whenever the observations, story, or incident therein related was brought to mind, her useful remarks might be recollected in connection with them. Thus she endeavored (might not other mothers adopt or improve the plan?) to make everything contribute to the deep, indelible impression of great truths having a practical tendency. We can, even yet, recollect the substance, at least, of those remarks which she made when she saw me attentive to my studies, active, cheerful, and finally, deriving my most exquisite reward from the gratification which my success communicated to my mother's bosom. The outline of these well-intentioned and useful remarks, I will now endeavor to trace.

To urge me to like activity and perseverance in the pursuit of any other important object which I might desire, or resolve upon attaining, she informed me that without the active and persevering exertions I had made, I would not have obtained my prize—the object of my ambition and pursuit. She told me to look around me now and in after life also, and I would witness confirmations strong of the truth which she said she wished me well to remember—that no really great, important, or valuable object was to be obtained in this world, without exertions at once arduous and persevering. Had I been just as active, or even more so than I had that year been, but through despair or love of ease had relaxed my exertions during the last month, or even the last week, I might have failed of attaining my object. The fruits of harvest may be almost ripe, yet if the heat which has brought them forward so far, be suddenly withdrawn, or a withering frost befall them, they will fall immature from their stems—grain and fruits which a few days more of genial sun would have ripened to a blissful and abundant harvest, for the sustenance of man and beast. Even so may exertions well sustained for a great length of time, finally fail of their object, if indolence or love of ease prevail. Persevering

effort, said she, will unlock to you the door of many a treasure; you need but to direct your efforts judiciously and wisely, and sustain them perseveringly, and you can accomplish almost anything. These remarks I can well remember, and while they have often animated me to perseverance in spite of obstacles and difficulties, they have also served to reprove me for my indolence. May they bear better fruit in some other soil.

She appealed to my own consciousness if I had not been more than usually cheerful, and happy during my last season at school, even had I not obtained the prize for which I was laboring. This I could not but acknowledge. This happiness, my mother remarked, was the result of several causes, and she wished me to endeavor to remember her views on this subject, and compare them with the results of my own thoughts and experience in more mature years. I have; and I have found them such as I can readily assent to.

In the first place, you were happy, said she, because your motive was a benevolent one, one which your conscience did highly approve.—Suppose you had made all the exertions you have made this year in your class, not to gratify and bliss me, but to vex and glory over one of your rival classmates, against whom you entertained a feeling of malice and revenge, you would not have been nearly so happy, because not equally self-approved. You might have enjoyed the pleasures of activity, and felt somewhat elated by a sense of superiority, but of the pure and exquisite joys which our Maker has attached to the plans and workings of a benevolent spirit, you would not have partaken. Because your motive was a worthy one—a disinterested desire of happiness to others—therefore you were happy. When I first perused Combe on the Constitution of Man, the following passage brought vividly to my recollection these remarks of my esteemed parent: 'To reap enjoyment in the *greatest quantity*, and to maintain it *most permanently*, the faculties must be gratified *harmoniously*: In other words, if, among the various powers, the *supremacy* belongs to the moral sentiments, then the aim of our habitual conduct must be the attainment of objects suited to gratify them. For example, in pursuing wealth or fame, as the leading object of existence, full gratification is not afforded to benevolence, veneration, and consciousness, and consequently complete satisfaction cannot be enjoyed; whereas by seeking knowledge, and dedicating life to the welfare of

mankind, and obedience to God, in our several vocations, these faculties will be gratified, and wealth, fame, health, and other advantages will flow in their train, so that the *whole* mind will rejoice, and its delight will remain permanent.' The lesson which my mother intended to teach me, at that early age, has been, 'many time and oft,' engraven upon the tablet of my memory by the results of my own conduct and frame of mind, as well as corroborated by such testimony as the above. I am now well convinced that, leaving out of comparison the delights of prayer and sweet communion with the Father of our spirits, there are no joys so exquisite and lasting, as those which arise from active, disinterested benevolence—from pure and ardent brotherly kindness. On a level, perhaps, and certainly not far inferior to these, we would place the satisfaction which arises from self-control, self-sacrifice, vigorous resistance to evil inclinations and propensities, with a view to self-amendment, and in obedience to heaven's monitor within.

But lest I weary my listeners, I will reserve my mother's observations upon activity and full occupation as constituting another source of my enjoyment, till some appropriate occasion, in a future 'Recollection.'

Meanwhile, that our land may abound with many such mothers, and with still more worthy sons, is the ardent desire of



THOUGHTS ON THE BIBLE. NO. III.

Original.

How know we that the book we reverence as the christian scriptures bears any resemblance to the inspired writings which, to the early disciples, were comfort, and hope, and strength? What persuasions have we that corruption has not marred its original beauty and perfection, or that interpolations of designing and artful men do not abound therein? These are important questions; they have forced themselves into the minds of almost every reflecting christian, and to seek the answer that will quiet apprehension must be a useful employment, as thereby our faith will be increased in the truths of divine revelation.

It is very apparent that, where a book is sent out to but a very limited extent, and but few copies of it published, it might be very easily corrupted. But it was not so with the christian

scriptures, and the particulars of the early history of their publication should be remembered.

1. They were, from their first appearance, regarded with great respect, veneration, and care. This arose from the important matter of their contents, and the desire to study more of the teaching of the wonderful man of Nazareth. 2. They were eagerly sought after, near and afar, both by enemies and friends of the Redeemer; by the first to examine the imposture and superstition, and by the latter to familiarize their acquaintance with the teachings of the Master, and fit themselves the better to stand fast and refute the adversary. By these means the various parts of our Testament were early extensively circulated. 3. They were read in public, so that multitudes in every place became acquainted with them; divisions soon sprung up, and proved each a check upon the other against any alteration of the books equally appealed to by all. 4. Translations were early made of them into the languages of the different believing communities in the various parts of the then known world, and by persecutions the several branches of the church were isolated from each other in a great degree, and had little or no connection with each other. What a task, then, was here for a corrupter of the scriptures! He had not simply to corrupt hundreds of copies in one community and language, but to gather the hundreds distributed through various countries, in different languages. This he could not do, neither could any party of men. There was a righteous zeal in all parts of the church to guard the holy writings from the corrupting hand, and if one copy of a book became corrupted, a hundred others were proofs of the corruption, and it would be detected at once. The history of English Bibles will afford many illustrations of how easily *errata* or interpolations were detected; and not altogether foreign from this point is the apology of a careless printer for a very incorrect copy of the Bible—that it was a book all should have by heart, and if there were passages left out they ought to remember them, and so supply the deficiency. There have been sectarian Bibles, but their errors were easily detected, and D'Israeli remarks—'These hand-bibles of the sectarists with their 6000 *errata*, like the false Duessa, covered their crafty deformity with a fair raiment; for when the great Selden, in the assembly of divines, delighted to confute them in their own learning, he would say, as Whitelock re-

ports, when they had cited a text to prove their assertion, "Perhaps in your little pocket-bible with gilt leaves," which they would often pull out and read, "the translation may be so; but the Greek or the Hebrew signifies this." "On one of these occasions they were discussing the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho, with perfect ignorance of sacred or of ancient geography; one said it was twenty miles, another ten, and at last it was concluded to be only seven—for this strange reason, that fish was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem market! Selden observed, that, "possibly the fish in question was salted," and silenced these acute disputants.' There has always been a Selden to guard the purity of the scriptures.

The agreement of all the manuscripts discovered of copies of the primitive writings, and the citations of these in the works of the early christians, furnish us with strong persuasions for the uncorrupted preservation of the christian scriptures. These have been gathered from widely separated places, written in different parts of the world, and yet agree in their testimony. The numerous *various readings** are almost entirely palpable errors in transcriptions, or slight grammatical and verbal differences, which affect not to any great amount the sense of the writings, as the collated† manuscripts preserve the true reading, some in one place, and some in another, and so on. Bentley in his answer to Collins, re-

marks—"Terence is now in one of the best conditions of the classic writers; the oldest and best copy of him is now in the Vatican Library, which comes nearest to his own hand; but even that has hundreds of errors, most of which may be mended out of other exemplars that are otherwise more recent and of inferior value. I myself have collated several; and do affirm that I have seen 20,000 various lections in that little author, not near so big as the whole New Testament; and am morally sure, that if half the number of manuscripts were collated for Terence, with that *niceness and minuteness* which has been used in twice as many for the New Testament, the number of the variations would amount to above 50,000.' Why wonder, then, at the great sum of various readings of the New Testament, when scrupulous search has been made, and sometimes with the desire of fame as a new discoverer, through all the ancient versions, the Latin vulgate, Italic, Syriac, Æthiopic, Arabic, Coptic, Armenian, Gothic and Saxon, whether faithfully or otherwise executed; and not these only, but all the quotations of the New Testament to be found in the fathers in the course of five hundred years. We should rather be thankful that so abundant are the means to sustain the integrity of our sacred book, and remembering the perils through which our scriptures have passed, estimate aright the providence of God in their wonderful preservation.

We do not presume to assert that our scriptures are *perfectly faultless*—that no errors exist which have crept in while, for 14 centuries, the New Testament existed only in manuscript, and was transcribed thousands of times, in the original and other languages. But the errors which exist do not affect anything—towards rendering our faith uncertain, nor to obscure the great principles of christian doctrine. One of the principal errors is the much controverted passage—1 John v. 7. 'There are three that bear record in heaven; *the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.*' The portion we have *italicised* is not, as say the generality of learned critics, to be found in any of the ancient manuscripts, or translations, neither is found quoted by any of the fathers. Griesbach rejected it from his Greek edition, so great was the mass of evidence against its belonging where it now holds a place. But it will do no great harm if the reader but compares it with other portions of scripture; and it may not be useless

* What is meant by *various readings* is not always understood, and persons are alarmed to hear of 30,000 *various readings* of the New Testament! But there is no cause for alarm, for this amount is gained by noting every minute variation of one MS. from another—every difference of spelling, form of construction of words, &c. &c., and these noted, too, in the most undeserving ancient versions or translations. Were the variations confined to creditably executed manuscripts, and to important matters, the great sum would be brought down to a comparatively small amount. These manuscripts are copies of copies taken during 14 centuries, and never corrected by a common authority, as the original manuscripts—the autographs of the sacred penmen—have been lost long ago, and in the haste of transcription, or through inadvertence, errors crept in easily. Let a lengthened composition be copied by various hands; translated and re-translated into various languages, copies on copies be made in different countries, let years elapse between the time of writing and the period of collating, and then let them be compared with each other and the original, and see what a vast number of variations there will be, though not examined with the minutely critical exactness exercised in reference to the New Testament.

† To *collate* manuscripts is the work of reading them with a view to note down their variations from each other, or from a received text.

to observe that many learned Trinitarians reject the passage as spurious ; even Calvin remarks, 'The expression "three are one," must signify, in agreement, rather than in essence,'—one in design, purpose, and operation.

As a whole, the christian scriptures come to us uncorrupted in any point of doctrine or morals, and from them we, as did the early christians, may learn of the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and by them know the true God and eternal life. May they be unto us a Guide and Comforter.

Haverhill, Mass.

ED.



TO MY WIFE.

AFAR from thee ! The morning breaks,
But morning brings no joy to me ;
Alas ! my spirit only wakes
To know that I am far from thee ;
In dreams I saw thy blessed face,
And thou wert nestled on my breast ;
In dreams I felt thy warm embrace,
And to my own thy heart was prest.

Afar from thee ! 'Tis solitude,
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good—
For I can only think of thee :
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,
My earliest, and my only one ;
Without thee I am all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee ! The words of praise
My listless ears unheeded greet ;
What sweetest seemed in better days,
Without thee seems no longer sweet ;
The dearest joy fame can bestow,
Is in thy moistened eye to see,
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee ! The night is come,
But slumbers from my pillow flee,
I cannot rest so far from home,
And my heart's home is, love, with thee ?
I kneel before the throne of prayer,
And then I know that thou art nigh ;
For God, who seeth everywhere,
Bends on us both his watchful eye.

Together in his fond embrace,
No distance can our hearts divide ;
Forgotten quite the mediate space,
I kneel, thy kneeling form beside ;
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,
But soars the spirit far and free :
O welcome be night's slumbers deep,
For then, dear love, I am with thee.



HE that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

HE that will not be counselled cannot be helped.

SUICIDE.

Original.

MANY persons have, no doubt, been surprised at the alarming frequency of suicides. The love of life is supposed to be the strongest of human passions. Every animal clings to existence as the boon of a thousand ties, and man will give everything to preserve his being. Yet there are cases, not a few, in which the order of nature appears to be reversed, and that breath for which we generally struggle with such tenacity is voluntarily yielded up ; our earthly existence thrown away hastily, and with such a determined perseverance that the lives of those are endangered who step between us and our rash design. A person intent upon self-destruction, usually proceeds about the work with great secrecy, as if determined that no obstacle to the accomplishment of his purpose should be thrown in his way. Such is so much the fact that it is not uncommon to laugh at the individual who openly proclaims his intention of committing suicide ; for it is then that we think there is no danger of his putting his threat in execution. It appears that no person seriously sets about taking his own life until his mind is fully made up, until life is fairly loathed and hated—a singular state of mind, indeed ; and wholly at variance with the general laws of our nature.

One would suppose that some great calamity, some terrible shock to the feelings, must be given, before the mind could be brought into the desperate condition which precedes the commission of suicide. But such is not always the case. Nay, in a majority of cases, the coroner is unable to obtain a clue to any probable cause of 'the rash act.' People have been known to perish by their own hands who appeared to have nothing to complain of ; whose business was in a prosperous condition, whose friends were numerous, and who were in the possession of all the comforts of life. We have heard suicide stigmatized as one of the greatest of crimes ; and it was the custom to deny those who fell victims to it the rites of christian burial, as beings accursed of God and man. But when it is remembered that many suicides have been persons of blameless life and conversation—of liberal and sympathetic minds, strictly honest, charitable to the poor and living at peace with their neighbors, it is very difficult to look upon them in the light of great criminals. These and other considerations have led many to believe that suicide is never perpe-

trated by a person of sane mind ; and, consequently that the victim is not to be regarded in the light of a criminal at all. Those who regard self-murder as equivalent to the crime of murdering another person, would do well not only to reflect that individuals guilty of the former have frequently been known to be incapable of cruelty to their fellow-creatures and of blameless lives, but also that there must be some cause for the deed traceable to a most melancholy state of mind. The act itself is desperate, and he must be driven to desperation who commits it. This is not the case with the crime of murder as connected with a second party. One man murdering another may not always lay claim to a morbid state of feeling, and to a desperate condition of mind. Many have committed the crime of murder coolly and after mature deliberation. They have laid a plan to obtain a person's money, to avenge an injury, or to put a rival out of the way. The suicide and the assassin are very different persons. Napoleon was a wholesale murderer of his species ; but he shrunk from the crime of suicide. On the other hand, many persons have rushed upon death who were incapable of wronging a fellow-creature in the smallest degree. It needs but a moment's reflection to convince any unprejudiced mind, that an injury inflicted on ourselves is not so bad as an injury inflicted on another. If I prefer to endure the gnawings of hunger in order that a friend may have my portion of food, it does not appear so unjustifiable as if I took from him his share to relieve me from suffering.

The partialist appears much afraid that if the doctrine of Universalism is true, the self-murderer will not receive the award of his crime. Now I cannot conceive how the partialist would be injured, if the Creator freely forgave the suicide and admitted him at once into the realms of eternal blessedness. I never yet learned that any of the partial saints had been appointed warders over the souls of sinners ; yet they do appear as much afraid that some of them will eventually escape hell torments, as if such an event would brand them as unfaithful sentinels. The punishment of death is considered sufficient for the murderer ; and it is awarded, *in terrorem*, to deter others from the commission of the crime of murder. The suicide suffers the same punishment as the assassin ; the only difference is that the former is obliged to be his own executioner. All murderers do not suffer at the hands of their

fellow-creatures ; but the suicide must be a very ingenious man if he contrive to escape the punishment of death.

Admitting that a man of sound mind were to destroy himself, it still follows that he is adequately punished for his fault before he puts in execution his felonious purpose. The commission of the act does not constitute the crime. If he were to attempt his life, and be accidentally discovered and rescued from the cord, or the flood, or the bullet, still he would have been guilty of all that a suicide can be guilty of. The crime is committed when the resolution is fully formed. A sinful state of mind is a state of punishment ; for the absence of a good conscience, is the absence of happiness ; and he who is capable of a great crime has already entered into punishment. The man who is bad enough to steal, though he may never have a suitable opportunity to do so, suffers the punishment of a thief continually. The man who is bad enough to commit suicide suffers always the punishment of his guilt ; and were he to inflict upon himself the pains of death, it would certainly add nothing to his criminality. It has been said that the tendency of Universalism is toward suicide, as men who feel certain of going to heaven will naturally desire to go there as soon as possible. This is a most weak invention of our enemies. As well might it be said that those who believe themselves of the number of the elect will wait impatiently for the stroke of death, will wholly neglect their worldly interests, despise money, and give all they have to the poor. But if any such instances have occurred, they never came to my knowledge.

It will be acknowledged by the enemies of impartial grace that, at least, a majority of the cases of suicide are brought about by a desperate state of mind. There is, certainly, nothing in our creed which is calculated to fill the mind with gloom ; and it is well known that the mania of excessive joy is much more easily cured, and far less fatal in its tendencies, than the insanity produced by melancholy.

Persons who feel extremely happy do not often rush out of existence. They enjoy life too well for that. It is the melancholy, the depressed, the anguished heart which seeks a shelter beneath the cypress of the grave. The shroud, the tomb, the black livery of death, are in consonance with the feelings of the melancholy man, and he cries to the dark chambers of the sepul-

chre, 'Congenial horrors, hail!' We do not go far to find examples of the fatal influence exerted by Calvinism upon the human mind. The journals of the day teem with accounts of suicides and mental derangement produced by the doctrines of partialism.

No Universalist ever committed suicide as a Universalist, and for the sake of getting sooner to heaven. The man who possesses a firm belief in the doctrines taught by Universalists cannot commit suicide; whereas the only reason that all do not go distracted who profess to believe in partial grace is, that they do not possess a firm belief in its soul-murdering ravings.

The mind that is persuaded of the goodness and holiness of the Creator, will not fall into that despairing condition which precedes the commission of suicide. But no mind can believe truly in the glad tidings of the gospel which is not enlightened by the Holy Spirit. We may call ourselves what we please; we may profess to be Calvinists, Quakers, Baptists or Universalists—but we cannot take the first step toward either of these creeds until we have received a measure of the Divine Spirit; for 'No man can say Jesus is the Christ, but by the Holy Ghost.' No Universalist will commit suicide in order to reach heaven before he is called hence; because a mere speculative belief in the doctrines of impartial grace gives not that surety—that living hope and redeeming foretaste of the joys of heaven—which would be required as an inducement to put off the flesh by violence. But when this living hope is realized, it is only by the aid of the Holy Spirit; and it is then that salvation is achieved and we do enter into rest. But this foretaste of the future glory is not given to the sinful soul. It is only the pure in heart who are thus redeemed; and it is in being saved from their sins that they became fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in. When the righteous man turns again to evil, he loses the evidence of salvation, and can no longer be a true believer. He may still call himself a Universalist; but he is always liable to fall away into total unbelief. He has no saving faith; but no man who has saving faith will commit suicide. No one can partake of the tree of life who also eats the forbidden fruit. To possess a living faith in the great salvation, we must have experienced it in the absence of sin, and the answer of a good conscience toward God. When we have these we shall not commit suicide. But the more faith we have in the dark

and diabolical system of partial grace, the more liable shall we be to take that desperate step, as every day's experience abundantly testifies.



WITCHCRAFT.

Original.

A BELIEF in witchcraft is one of those vulgar superstitions which seldom obtains except in a very ignorant community. Massachusetts has had her share of it; but even among the misguided puritans, it could not stand before the blaze of intelligence, and was soon consigned to oblivion. A wise man when under the influence of fanaticism, is ignorant on that particular point wherein his imagination is inflamed, however reasonable he may be on all other subjects. There were many learned men among the settlers of New England, but their minds becoming diseased, several extravagant acts were committed which might better become some untaught and savage tribe, for whom the star of knowledge and the sun of christianity had never arisen.

A belief in witchcraft is, at present, confined to barbarous nations, if we except the fact, that there are individuals scattered up and down the country, even among us, who have not quite rid themselves of so absurd a tradition. Among the lower classes of society, there are still some few persons who nail a horse shoe to their door step, in order to keep out such unhappy members of the human family as have familiar spirits. It is a fact worth mentioning, that however unpopular this sentiment is, yet those who hold it, are not persecuted for opinion's sake—still such an opinion has cost several lives. Perhaps it is for the reason that it is so decidedly unpopular in the present day, that those who hold it are not persecuted. Men generally persecute those who advance such solid arguments in favor of their doctrines as lead the persecutors to fear that either they or their neighbors will become proselytes. No one thinks of inveighing against the unique principles of the Shakers, while there is scarcely an orthodox pulpit which does not thunder forth its anathemas against the advocates of impartial grace. The reason is plain. The Shakers are too unpopular to gain proselytes, while the arguments for universal redemption are liable to *mislead* the common people, since their pastors are not always ready with a satisfactory reply to them.

Perhaps there are few superstitions which were more deeply rooted in the popular mind, than witchcraft. The writer of this piece recollects that about seventeen years ago, there was a rumor of three children having been bewitched in Batavia Street, New-York. What may seem more remarkable, a schoolmistress, possessing quite an ordinary share of intelligence, was the person from whom I received the account of this wonderful matter, and she was a firm believer in its truth.

Among savage nations the belief in witchcraft is very general. Not many years ago a Buffalo Indian cut the throat of an old squaw, whom he affirmed to be a witch. The murderer was tried, and the celebrated Red Jacket undertook his defence in court. The argument used by this chief is worth recording. The floor of the court-room was sanded. Red Jacket drew a circle on the floor with his stick. 'Within this small circle,' said he, 'is contained all the knowledge of the Indian.' He then drew a larger circle, enclosing the former one, and declared that to be the boundary of the white man's knowledge—thereby intimating that the intelligence of the white man far exceeded that of the Indian. He then pointed with his staff to a spot beyond the outermost circle, and said, 'Concerning what lies outside, the Indian knows as much as the white man. Your knowledge is greater than ours, as respects things in the natural world; but we know as much of supernatural matters as you do.' He, therefore, maintained that the deceased woman was a witch, and that, therefore, the prisoner was perfectly justified in killing her. 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' was one of the Israelitish commands, and Red Jacket laid down the same rule.

As the matter in dispute was, whether there were or were not any witches now in being, the chief endeavored to show that notwithstanding the superior knowledge of the white man, yet that the things pertaining to supernatural agency were as familiar to the one as to the other. I think the argument extremely faulty; for, although very ignorant men may be enlightened by the Holy Spirit as well as wise ones, still, the more intelligence a man has, and the more active are his reasoning faculties, the better able will he be to receive instruction of any kind, and the more easily will he distinguish between truth and error. We shall perceive this when we reflect that many things which were once regarded as

the work of demons, are now explained on philosophical principles—cause and effect being distinctly traced by the ordinary school boy.—During the rage of witchcraft in Boston, one young lady was accused of sorcery because she practised ventriloquism. We have no small number of such sorceries in these days. Many new discoveries in science, and ingenious inventions, have been attributed to witchcraft in former ages of the world. Knowledge has cleared away the mist; and as men have become more enlightened, they have discovered that human reason and human skill have been the only demons employed. Therefore, if the white man's intelligence has not enabled him to discover supernatural beings and their works, it has, at least, shown him where the ignorant have erred in supposing that they had traced the handywork of satan amid the fair creation of God.

We are next to examine a belief in witchcraft in connection with christianity. Those who oppose our faith, are fond of pointing us to the excesses into which different communities have run; and among the rest, they tell us that our belief in supernatural beings is part and parcel of the same superstition as that of which we have just spoken. They aver that it is as reasonable to believe in witches, as to believe in a Supreme Being; that we never saw the one or the other; and that both are mere chimeras of the brain; that when the world becomes more enlightened, we shall discard our belief in shadows of all kinds, whether they go by the name of witches, angels, or deities. This manner of speaking proves nothing, and scarcely affords the apology for an argument; yet it is our duty to explain the difference between a belief in idle chimeras, and a belief in revelation.

Among unenlightened nations a belief in demons and in their interference with mundane affairs exists. We know that their belief is founded on error, because they attribute many things to infernal agency, which we can trace, very distinctly, to natural causes. Still do we say, that their superstition takes its rise in truth. This places the matter on very different ground from that which it would occupy, if we declared that their superstition was wholly unsupported, and that there were no facts to extenuate it. This superstitious belief in witches and in supernatural agency, is a stronger confirmation of revelation and the existence of a Supreme Being, than is afforded for the establishment of any truth not

of a religious nature. For other truths we have reason and argument. We have, also, reason and argument for the support of sacred truths ; but in addition to reason and argument, we have here *impressions* common to all men with respect to supernatural beings. Now where reason and argument—where intelligence is very limited, the impressions still exist ; but what is the natural consequence of being impressed with a belief in the supernatural, and not possessing sufficient knowledge and judgment to give consistent shape and form to these impressions ? The consequence is, in fact, exactly what we might suppose it to be. The belief in the supernatural exists, and so far all is right ; but when the barbarian endeavors to form a theory on this belief, his limited information plunges him into error. To illustrate this :—a child is playing by the way-side and hears a strange noise ; he is impressed with a sense of danger. It is a rail-road car coming at full speed—it is now behind the hill. He has never seen a car, but he has heard of lions, and he at once concludes that a lion is approaching. He runs to his playmates and fills them with his fears. Now the child was right in supposing that some powerful agent was drawing near, and if he had possessed sufficient intelligence, he would have known that lions did not run loose on the public roads near our towns. Nevertheless the lad heard something. We will also suppose that a child sees the distant arch of heaven which seems to meet the earth. He runs to the spot where earth and sky seemed to join, and finds nothing there ; he sets out anew, and runs to the spot where it had again seemed to meet the earth, and meets with no better success. You may smile at the simplicity of the child in thus seeking to lay his hand on the sky, but will you, therefore, say that there is no sky ? He judged amiss in supposing that the sky joined the earth in the horizon—and the untaught savage judges amiss in supposing that supernatural beings meet the earth in the horizon, and perform works for which we can easily account. Nevertheless there are supernatural beings, as sure as there is a sky. The ignorant man is superstitious ; he brings supernatural agency too near, and attributes the works of art, the lights of science, to supernatural power and wisdom. We know he is wrong. But when we take ground where we *cannot* be thus deceived we are safe. We *know* that the heavens and the earth were not created by man—we see them with our eyes,

and know that they are realities. The blossoming of the trees, the movements of the heavenly bodies, are not the work of man. Therefore they are the work of a heavenly power. Here we behold wonders, and here we see the hand of a supernatural being—for that which created nature must be above nature. Here there can be no mistake.

The miracles by which revelation was attested proclaim the same Almighty Power, being such as no human art or wisdom could perform and contrive. He who created man and he who raised the dead, was the same Almighty Ruler.

Boston, Mass.

G. D. P. O.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Original.

THE reader has, probably, heard of the individual whose name stands at the head of this piece. He may also have remarked that his fame is not confined to his native land. Who, in America, thinks of holding up Wellington as an object of veneration to the young ? Who ever descants upon the virtues of Bonaparte ? But where breathes the man, in a civilized country, who has not heard of George Washington ? Where beats the heart that is not emulous of such renown as his ?

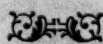
It is well known that, among all civilized people, the name of Washington is a spell to call from its slumbers every high and generous imagining. It is well known that Washington receives the admiration and applause of the whole human race, where a record of his deeds has passed.

I would have the reader pause, and inquire why it is that this illustrious patriot and hero receives such universal honor. Is it because he was so brave a man ? The answer is ready, that we know of hundreds who were equally heroic on the field of battle. Is it because he sustained so high an office ? Surely not, for Nero's power was far greater, and the kings of England sat under a grander canopy.

The fame of Washington rests upon his spotless character—in that, unlike other heroes and patriots, he sought not his own personal aggrandizement—in that no act of cruelty, no contemptible meanness, no arbitrary stretch of authority, stains the page of his history. It is because Washington was a good as well as a great man, that earth's millions, with one accord, echo and re-echo his praise.

Now I would ask if the human mind and heart are, by nature, wholly depraved? Who will dare to deny that the fame of Washington rests mainly on his virtues, and that his name is more deeply revered by mankind than those of the most powerful conquerors whose escutcheons are encrusted with innocent blood, and whose selfishness was the spur which incited them to deeds of 'glory!' Is it not strange that a class of beings who are shapen out for perdition—who cannot think a good thought until they are converted, and the imaginations of whose hearts are evil continually, should prefer the pure-minded and disinterested father of this great republic to the gilded and dazzling emperors of the east?

Surely Nero, and not Washington, should be the favorite of these monsters. Yet such is not the case; and the truth, therefore, comes home to us with indubitable certainty—that, however mankind may yield to the temptations which they encounter in this world, their spirits are right; and that, although the flesh is weak, they are formed to admire, to love, and to reverence, only that which is like unto their Father who is in heaven.



ON THE DEDICATION

Of the Fifth Universalist Church in Boston.

Original.

YES, Thou art with us, Thou the Holy One!
I feel thy presence, and confess the love
That fills each heart with joy that here has met,
To give to Thee, thy worship and thy praise,
This beauteous fane. Rich is the bliss to meet
Around our own dear altar, here to raise
The fervent prayer, and offer up the song
Of sacred melody and love to Thee!
Why beats my heart with such ecstatic joy?
O is it not because the hour and place
Bring up from memory's cell a throng of sweet
Remembrances—scenes of the past, where all
Was bright and glad, and full of joyousness
And love? I feel it is; and who would e'er
Forget the altar of their youth, where they
Have often met with dearest friends in hours
Of joy and grief, confessing all their need
Of heavenly grace to fit them for life's work,
And where from the deep fountains of the soul
Have gushed the streams of gratitude and love.
The altar of my youth I left, and came
To stranger halls to worship God, but found
That sweet association would not lend
Its aid to fit my soul for prayer; to pray
With thought abstracted from the world, in vain
I strove—Father forgive thy feeble child!
And weeks and months have passed, their sabbaths all
Unblessed to me, and unimproved.

But now

How changed the scene, my heart, and all the aids
Devotion finds to elevate the soul!

And I am happy here. Do thou bestow
On us the grace to fit us all to look
To Thee in praise and prayer aright, and place
Thy name within our temple as thine own.

Boston, Mass.



HEALTH.

Original.

THE intimate connection between the mind and the body, renders it very desirable that the corporeal casket in which the former is enclosed should be preserved in good repair. It is, therefore, a duty to take care of our health; but in this, as well as in the discharge of many other duties, judgment must be exercised or we shall not discharge it properly. A continual dread of ill health, and a ceaseless attention to clothing, diet, and air, are not calculated to ensure the desired blessing. Those persons who are forever guarding against disease, are seldom favored with sound health; and the reading of the many works on this subject is more calculated to affect the nerves injuriously than to produce that easy frame of mind, without which the absence of disease can scarcely be enjoyed. Most of the disorders in civilized society arise from too little exposure, from too rigid an observance of rules, and too scrupulous an attention to every little ailment by which we may be afflicted. It was never the intention of the Creator that our bodies should last forever. We may build as high a wall as we choose, but we cannot shut out death. To read some of the works of the present day, one would suppose that the authors imagined our earthly life to be the greatest conceivable blessing—for the preservation of which every other consideration must give way; and that it was possible to make these frail bodies endure forever. Some of them would cut us off from all the enjoyments of existence, from all the good things with which a beneficent Creator has filled this fair world, in order to prolong life a few years! It would be better for the community if such works were never published. They are calculated to inspire men with too great a regard for an existence which, at the longest, is a mere span, and to keep up in worldly minds their overweening love for the body which perisheth. This world is not our home; here is not our place of rest; and it never can be rendered a satisfactory abode for the immortal spirit. I regret, therefore, to see so much time and labor wasted upon

these poor bodies, whose native home is the dust, and which lie down in the valley to moulder like the flesh of birds and beasts. Let us lay up our treasure in heaven, and our hearts will be there also.



PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Original.

*An industrious woman is a crown to her husband ;
But she that is indolent is as disease in his bones.*

THIS translation of the fourth verse of the twelfth chapter of Solomon's Proverbs conveys, to our minds at least, a more correct representation of the words in the original Hebrew, than that in our common version. The word by them translated 'virtuous' in the first line, literally and primarily signifies the qualities of strength, force, activity, industry, perseverance. Parkhurst says that as a noun, חֵיל (*Hil*) signifies persevering strength, firmness of body or mind, ability, virtue. For this reason I have concluded the virtue here intended was activity, persevering industry. In 2 Sam. xxii. 40, the translators of our common version have rendered this same Hebrew word, *strength*, and in Exod. xviii. 21 & 25, *able*, (men, literally, men of ability). And is it not an observation which has been made a thousand times since the days of the author of this remark, that for the prosperity and respect which a man obtains, he is greatly indebted to the ingenuity and industry of his wife? In nine cases out of ten a man will do well, and be honored or respected, whose helpmate is a woman of an active, industrious, persevering, not-easily-discouraged disposition. As a crown is an ornament and a sign or source of authority, so a woman of this disposition is an honor and a source of influence to her husband. For the space of three thousand years, then, this has been the character of the women who have contributed to the welfare and respectability of their husbands and family; and for as many years to come, we presume, no more certain method will be discovered of promoting these desirable attainments.

In the second line, or antithetical clause, the translators of the common version have failed in rendering evident the intended opposition of character by giving one of the secondary significations instead of the primary one of the verb בִּשָׁ (Besh). The primary signification of this word is to flag, grow weary, spiritless, inactive. As this sense was obviously intended by the author

as a contrast to her of an active spirit, we have rendered this word by *indolent*. This ancient observation may be daily confirmed by 'modern instances'. In our own day, we can remark that a spiritless, inactive woman influences her husband as much to his injury as the woman of an opposite character operates upon her husband for his good. Such a woman renders her husband discouraged and spiritless. He does not witness any good management or any comfort at home, and therefore he is apt to relax in his toils and exertions, as they all seem fruitless and nugatory. As such a woman brings a man no comfort, so will she bring him no credit. Neither his apparel or outward appearance, nor the state of his mind and affairs, will testify of good management at his home. He will be a cheerless, dispirited, despairing man. Well, then, may such a companion be likened to a *deaf seated* malady, wearing away a man's strength, energy and spirit, to a hopeless disease, which preys upon and consumes him.

DELTA,



THE MERRY HEART.

Original.

A MERRY heart, a merry heart !
What richer gift is there,
'Mid the great sum of human things,
That can with this compare !
It brightness lends to darkest hours,
Hopes when all else despair ;
And while misfortune's storm beats down,
Waits for the rainbow fair.

A merry heart, a merry heart !
It makes the cot as dear
As gorgeous palace to the king,
And far more happy sphere ;
It sweetens many bitter cups,
Robs sorrow of its sting,
And round the scanty social board,
Plenty's rich smiles will bring.

A merry heart, a merry heart !
It makes pale anger laugh,
And turns him from his poison bowl,
Friendship's rich wine to quaff ;
It enters in the life and soul
Of circles met for joy,
And moves the tongue, and stirs the pulse,
Of many a maiden coy.

A merry heart, a merry heart !
God's smallest gift doth prize,
And looks upon the world around
With ever cheerful eyes ;
And should it feel a wounding thorn,
Or find that flowers will fade,
'Tis thankful that no more it meets,—
That flowers, though frail, were made.

ED.

Haverhill, Mass.

'THE EXPOSITOR AND UNIVERSALIST REVIEW.'

WE have received the second number of the present volume of this useful work. It is an interesting number, containing 'A Review of the Denomination of Universalists in the United States,' by the editor; 'The accusations brought against Jesus Christ by the Jews, a proof of the reality of his claims,' by H. Ballou; 'Relation between the prophecies of Daniel and St. John, concerning "the Judgment,"' by S. Cobb; 'Writing Materials of different ages,' by T. B. Thayer; 'The last Supper,' (poetical,) by S. C. Edgarton; 'Literary Notices.'

This last department is a decided improvement, as concise notices of works in a periodical like this, where space is precious, are better than elaborate reviews. We believe this portion of the pages of the 'Expositor,' will be truly valuable. The 'Review,' by the editor, is an excellent paper. It presents the right view of duty in respect to the abundant success which has crowned the efforts of the friends of truth, and would teach us that great advantages demand noble exertions; and impress upon the heart the solemn lesson, that, though surrounded with distinguished and exalted privileges, yet the possession of these did not prevent the Jewish nation from becoming a proverb of reproach and by word of scorn among the nations.

We desire for the 'Expositor' abundant success. We believe it has a great mission to perform, and we have, therefore, earnestly commended it to the fostering patronage of our friends and the friends of truth every where. The more extensive the patronage, the greater will be the means of rendering it more valuable. Again, we ask attention to its claims; and when we think over the number of ministers, institutes, Sabbath school teachers, and Bible class mates, and contrast therewith the list of subscribers to the work, we feel ashamed of the lukewarmness of hundreds. Out of between *four and five hundred* ministers, about *one hundred and fifty* only are subscribers to the 'Expositor'!! And the price is \$2! Furthermore, let it be added, that 'any person paying for six subscribers in advance, shall receive the seventh copy gratis.'



EXTRACTS.

'AFTER those great calamities in the dark ages which destroyed the traces of the sciences and

arts, men, pursued by terror, seemed to imagine that they constantly saw malevolent spirits flying among the clouds, or wandering in the depths of woods. The sound of strong wind and thunder came to their ear as the voice of infernal divinities, and, prostrate with terror, they sought to appease their angry gods by bloody sacrifices. In process of time, a small number of men, enlightened by observation, dared to raise the veil by degrees, and succeeded in dissipating these terrors, by tracing the seeming prodigies to some of the simplest laws of physics. The phantoms of superstition vanished, and in the light of reason revealed a just and beneficent Divinity presiding over obedient nature.'

Whoever considers how much we are the creatures of circumstances, how much we are blown about by impulse and passion, the dimness of our mental vision upon most subjects, the narrow limit which separates between truth and falsehood, right and wrong, and, moreover, that we ourselves view everything through the coloring of our pride and prejudice—will perceive, at once, that under all circumstances of error, and even of crime, men are quite as worthy of pity as of vindictive blame.

TEMPER.

A BAD temper in a woman, poisons all her happiness, and 'turns her milk to gall,' blights her youth, brings on premature, fretful old age—palls all her enjoyments, banishes all her friends, and renders her home comfortless and barren. Far different is the ripe, rich harvest of a home, made bright and happy by the sweet temper and mild deportment of an amiable wife, who, if affliction cross her husband abroad, finds comfort and consolation in his home, is happy in a companion whose temper is like the silver surface of a lake, calm, serene, and unruffled. If he is rich, his admiring friends rejoice in his prosperity, and delight in his hospitality, because all around is light, airy, and sunshine; if he is poor, he breaks his crust in peace and thankfulness, for it is not steeped in the water of bitterness. An amiable temper is a jewel of inestimable value in the sum of earthly happiness, because with that alone, the whims of a cross husband may be subdued; many vices may be overcome; the boisterous may be tamed; the unruly conquered; the fretful tranquilized—and the hurricane softened and hushed, as the mild zephyr that swept over the honey suckle under the casement.

NOTICES.

PARTICULAR NOTICE. We have to disappoint many new subscribers who wish the back numbers of the present volume, as we have none of the first two or three numbers on hand. This will account to such why we send them only from number seven. The reason of our deficiency in the numbers wanted, is to us a subject to which we earnestly wish our patrons to give attention; it is this—many persons have received the first number, and some some of the subsequent ones, and have withdrawn their subscriptions and made us minus the numbers sent. We are now near the close of this volume, and we wish it particularly understood, that all persons who intend to relinquish their subscriptions are requested to give us due notice; or if the first number of the new volume is sent, to return it, without fail, unless it shall so approve itself to their judgment as to cause them still to be our patrons. Let it be distinctly understood, that when a subscriber retains the first number and discontinues his subscription, he defrauds us of \$2, as thereby a whole set is made incomplete. Had we the copies of the first and second numbers of the present volume that have thus been kept back, we could furnish all who have sent for the back numbers; but as it is, we are obliged to disappoint them, and to lose the half year subscription. The carelessness alluded to costs publishers not a small sum every year, and it is decidedly wrong in any man or woman.

If any Agent, Postmaster, or other person, has on hand a copy or copies of the first numbers belonging to the publisher, he will confer a favor by sending the same to us immediately.

WRITING ON PAPERS POST SENT. 'Honesty is the best policy,' is an old and excellent maxim, and one we wish observed by our correspondents. There is a \$5 fine for writing on papers sent through the postoffice with a view to defraud the department of the lawful tax; and several cases have lately come to our knowledge of this fine being exacted. Agents and subscribers are requested not to communicate with us in this way, i. e. writing on newspapers their requests, &c. A few days since we were compelled to pay 75 cents for such a paper, as, if we had not paid that sum, the paper would have been sent to the person who wrote on it, and the \$5 fine exacted. This is by no means a solitary case, for 40, 50, and sometimes more cents, has been the postage paid on a newspaper. We wish the practice discontinued. It is not honest.

'HOUSE I LIVE IN,' by Dr. Wm. A. Alcott. We have before called attention to this popular little work, which, under the similitude of a house, conveys to the young much instruction concerning the human body. The copy before us is of a new, improved, and stereotype edition. The author has availed himself of some improvements in the London edition; and as agreeably imparting much useful instruction in the usually difficult and dry study of Anatomy and Physiology, the work has been highly commended by many whose approbation is most honorable. 'The work treats, first, on the Frame—consisting of the bones, muscles, tendons, &c.; secondly, of the Covering—consisting of the skin, hair, nails, eyes, ears, &c.; and, thirdly, of the Apartments and Furniture—by which are meant the interior cavities and organs. Nearly every anatomical and physiological term which appears in the work, is so used, or so explained, as to be at once clearly understood and apprehended. The subject is illustrated by numerous engravings.' Published by George W. Light, No. 1 Cornhill.

ANNUAL REPORT of the Trustees of the N. E. Institution for the Blind. We have received a copy of

this report, and shall give our readers some of its interesting facts in our next, as we have not now room to say what we wish to in reference to this most excellent institution.

NEW PAPER BY REV. S. COBB. We have received the prospectus of a new paper to be entitled, 'The Christian Freeman and Family Visitor,' to be published weekly, and 'devoted to religion, literature, news, and universal freedom—with law. The religious department will be devoted to expositions of the scriptures, and doctrinal and practical essays, supporting the faith of God's parental character and government, and of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind through Jesus Christ; and urging the practice of universal benevolence. The most important items of general news will be given, and such discoveries from travelers, and from the researches of scientific men, as shall be judged interesting and useful for family reading. Attention will also be given to the aid of the great and obviously good moral enterprises of the day, the temperance reform, and the loosing of the bonds of our brethren in slavery. And the rule for conducting the whole shall be that charity which "suffereth long, and is kind," which "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."'

TWO DISCOURSES BY REV. O. A. SKINNER. We have been favored with a copy of two discourses by Br. O. A. Skinner; one preached at the dedication of the fifth church in Boston, on 'the design and advantages of public worship,' and the other on the Sabbath following, on 'the advantages and causes of union.' Both are highly creditable to the author, and contain sentiments of great worth and importance to every social religious community.

Br. Gurley,—you will please send to this office an account of all subscribers who have paid, either for the 'Repository,' or 'Expositor.' The accounts of the *Expositor* should be kept separate from that of the *Repository*, as they have no connection. You need send but one copy of 'Star' to this office. A. T.

THE NEW YORKER. There is not a paper in the union beyond this in all the merits of a dignified literary and miscellaneous periodical. A new volume commences the 23d of March, and we have only room to say that those who would have a good paper cannot choose a better than the 'New Yorker.' Its literary character is of the highest order, its political record impartial and embodying a great mass of useful information; and its department of general intelligence highly valuable, concise and interesting.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. We have on hand several articles crowded out of this number. A beautiful article from our esteemed correspondent Miss N. T., entitled 'A Sister's Love,' will appear next month.

List of Letters containing remittances received since our last, ending March 1, 1839.

A. P. G., Corners, \$2; J. E. B., Danvers, \$2; H. R., Shoreham, \$2; B. A. D., Cumberland, \$8; C. J., Dexter, (pays up to June 1839,) \$2; C. E., Farmington, (owes for vol. 6; he need not fear,) \$2; I. S., Knoxville, \$2; J. Y., N. Chatham, \$2; B. S. H., Amoskeag, \$2; C. P., N. Britain, \$1; W. A., Wolcott, (we had previously received the name mentioned by G. & H., by letter,) \$5; J. B., Springfield, (we have sent back numbers from number six—we are out of the first numbers,) \$6; E. B., E. Stoughton, \$2; M. B., Buffalo, \$20; D. F., Hallowell, \$10; J. M. S., Hartford, \$12; M. L. P., Ludlow, \$2; J. H., Newtown, \$6. Br. B. P. Bill is informed that all the letters which he mentions have been received, and the money credited to individual subscribers—the papers have been sent. Many thanks for his kindness.

A. T.

We reach'd the Valley.

COMPOSED BY G. A. HODSON, ESQ.

Andante Affettuoso.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked *Andante Affettuoso* and the dynamics begin with *p dol.*

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "He reach'd the valley where he". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *p e stacc.*, *cres.*, *p dim.*, and *p colla voce.*

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "liv'd When child-hood knew no pain; With - in his drooping heart he felt The". The piano accompaniment includes the dynamic marking *dim.*

THE UNIVERSALIST.

chill of sor - - row's chain: He cast his anx - ious eyes a-round: "Where

cres. *mf.* *p* *cres. con espress.*

is my fond home gone?" He heard a mournful voice re-ply: "Twas Ech-o an-swerd

pp *colla voce.*

"Gone."

SECOND VERSE.

"My father and my mother too —
Are they all passed away?
Is there no friendly voice to greet
The lonely wanderer's stay?
Where are the bosom friends I left?
My loved one — is she dead?"
There was no friendly voice to speak,
But Echo answered, "Dead."

THIRD VERSE.

He now was on the world alone, —
A wanderer — nought was left
To cheer him on his starless way, —
Of every hope bereft!
He rested o'er the chilly hearth,
And said, "Here let me die:"
There was no lip to breathe farewell,
But Echo answered, "Die."